J. Boyd Middle Temple
1774
Gal 9 X. f.

LETTERS,

BY

SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS DECEASED.

INCLUDING

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF

JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

(AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS)

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS,

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS:

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.

By JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

One of the SIX PREACHERS in Chriſt Church, Canterbury.

The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

VOLUME II.

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MVSEVM
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N. B. Thoſe marked thus * are added in this edition.

LETTERS,

ERRATA.

Page 35, line 20, for " the ſummer," read " ſummer"
— 113, note *, for " Weykhamite," read " Wykehamite"
— 115, note †, for " earl of Stanhope, read " earl Stanhope"
— 217, note, for " p. 143", read p. 205"
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LETTERS, &c.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Rev. Dean SWIFT to the Rev. Mr. WALLIS *.

SIR, Dublin, May 13, 1721.

I HAD your letter, and the copy of the biſhop's † circular incloſed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to

* Son of the dean of Derry, and vicar of Athboy in the county of Meath. He died in 1746.

† Dr. Evans, tranſlated from the ſee of Bangor to that of Meath in 1715. In this dioceſe was the vicarage of Laracor, which Swift held with his deanry. Some diſſenſions having ariſen between biſhop Evans and his clergy, Swift took part with

know any thing of it, and hope you have not told any body what you did. I ſhould be glad enough to be at the viſitation, not out of any love to the buſineſs, or the perſon, but to do my part in preventing any miſchief. But in truth my health will not ſuffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may ſafely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the biſhop would not be diſſatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himſelf airs when he finds I am not there ‡. I now

the latter. At the firſt viſitation which he attended, hearing his dioceſan very ſevere in his animadverſions on a poor curate, for a matter of little or no importance, the dean ſtood up, and told his lordſhip, that "having once been witneſs of ſuch improper "unepiſcopal behaviour, he would never be witneſs "of it again, and therefore gave his lordſhip no-"tice, that if he had any fault to find with him, "he muſt find it then, as he was determined not to "attend any other viſitation."

‡ By a warm expoſtulatory letter from Swift to this Cambro-Hibernian prelate, dated July 5, 1721, (ſee "Swift's works," vol. xviii, p. 141) it appears that his lordſhip did "give himſelf airs," by refuſing

employ myſelf in getting you a companion to cure your ſpleen.

I am your faithful humble ſervant,

J. S.

refuſing to admit this proxy at the viſitation, though he atteſted the dean's want of health, &c. he being then tormented with an ague. "At the ſame time (Swift proceeds) "I muſt be plain to tell you, that "if this accident had not happened, I ſhould have "uſed all endeavours to avoid your viſitation, upon "the public promiſe I made you three years ago, "and the motives which occaſioned it; becauſe I "was unwilling to hear any more very injurious "treatment and appellations given to my brethren "or myſelf; and, by the grace of GOD, I am ſtill "determined to abſent myſelf on the like occaſions, "as far as I can poſſibly be diſpenſed with by any "law, while your lordſhip is in that dioceſe, and I "a member of it."

LETTER LXXXVII.

Dean Swift to Mr. Wallis.

SIR, Dublin, Nov. 3, 1722.

YOU ſtole in and out of town without ſeeing either the ladies * *or* † me, which was very ungratefully done, conſidering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you ſo long. Why did you not call in a morning at the deanry? Beſides, we reckoned for certain that you came to ſtay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were ſo kind

* Mrs. Johnſon (or Stella) and Mrs. Dingley. Theſe ladies went to Ireland, by Swift's invitation, in 1701. The former was his concealed but undoubted wife, being married to him in the year 1710 by Dr. Aſhe, biſhop of Clogher, who had been his tutor. She died January 27, 1727-8, aged 44, "abſolutely deſtroyed," as lord Orrery ſays, "by "the peculiarity of her fate."

† "And" in the original, no doubt by miſtake.

as

as to be at Laracor *, where I hope you planted ſomething; and I intend to be down after Chriſtmas, *where* † you muſt continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the uſe I intend to make of Laracor. All I would deſire is, what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I ſuppoſe your project would coſt me ten pounds and a conſtant gardener. Pray come to town and ſtay ſome time, and repay yourſelf ſome of your dinners. I wonder how a miſchief you came to miſs us. Why did you not ſet out a Monday, like a true country parſon? Beſide, you lay a load on us, in ſaying one chief end of your journey was to ſee us; but I ſuppoſe there might be another motive, and you are like

* The dean's vicarage-houſe there, where he intended to make ſeveral improvements, is now totally ruined, though one of his biographers ſays, "he "left it a convenient and agreeable retreat to his "ſucceſſor, at a conſiderable expence."

† The dean, it may be ſuppoſed, rather meant "when."

the

the man that died of love and the cholic. Let us know whether you are more or leſs monkiſh, how long you found yourſelf better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to. The ladies aſſure you of their hearty ſervices, and I am, with great truth and ſincerity,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Dean SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, February 12, 1722-3.

I WOULD have been at Laracor and Athboy * before now, if an ugly depend-

* Mr. Wallis's living, near Laracor.

ing

ing chapter-buſineſs * had not tied me here. There is a lay difficulty that concerns the government, the archbiſhop †, the chapter, the dean ‡, Dr. Howard §, and Robin Grattan ‖, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my deſign is to do a job for Robin Grattan, but the reſt have their different ſchemes and poli-

* Probably the diſpoſal of the curacy of St. Bridget's, Dublin, in which the dean eſpouſed the intereſt of Mr. Robert Grattan.

† Dr. King, then archbiſhop of Dublin.

‡ Dr. Swift himſelf.

§ Afterwards biſhop of Elphin.

‖ Afterwards curate of St. Bridget's, prebendary of St. Audeon's, and one of the dean's ten executors. To this Mr. Grattan, (who was one of the ſeven ſons of Dr. Grattan, a venerable and hoſpitable clergyman) Swift whimſically bequeathed his "bottle-ſcrew, his ſecond beſt beaver, and his ſtrong box, on condition of his giving the ſole uſe of the ſaid box to his brother, Dr. James Grattan, [a phyſician] during the life of the ſaid doctor, who hath more occaſion for it."

tics,

tics, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myſelf about them. Mean time you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten.---I beg you will ſtep there for a day or two, and *do* * what is neceſſary now, before the ſeaſon is too late, and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready 'till then, for it is but juſt bottled) and we will be merry at your houſe and my cottage.

I ſent your memorial, drawn up by myſelf, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney †, to recommend it to the primate ‡: I likewiſe deſired Mr. Morgan to ſecond it. I have in vain hitherto ſought Dr. Kearney, but ſhall find him ſoon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth § and

* The word in the original is illegible.

† Treaſurer of Armagh.

‡ Dr. Lindſay.

§ An eminent phyſician.

Mr.

Mr. Croſs *, and probably all may come to nothing---*Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as uſually---Mrs. Johnſon eats an ounce a week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew † has drunk near three hogſheads ſince I came to town, and we muſt take up with new when I come down. I ſuppoſe you are in the midſt of ſpleen and juſtice. I have often an ill head, and am ſo fortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Pooley the painter is dead?

I am ever yours,

J. SWIFT.

* Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin.

† Meaning, perhaps, his chapter.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Dean SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, April 8, 1727.

I AM juſt going for England *, and muſt deſire you to be my proxy at the biſhop's viſitation †. I find there is likewiſe a triennial viſitation, and think the encloſed ‡ may ſerve for both, with your wiſe management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanry

* The dean being on a viſit to Mr. Pope in 1726, haſtened back to Ireland on receiving an account that Mrs. Johnſon was dangerouſly ill; and on her amendment, he returned back to England in 1727, to finiſh the "miſcellanies," in concert with Pope and Arbuthnot.

"Swift's letters to Sheridan, No. xx and xxiv."

† See letter lxxxvi, p. 1.

‡ A proxy from the dean, as vicar of Laracor.

for

for this ſummer *; you have their ſervice, and ſo has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live ſeven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanry proctor, whom I have diſcharged. I believe I am worſe for him 600 l. and his brother is not much better. I wiſh you had been at my elbow to adviſe me, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come ſafe back, and then to have done with England †.

I am ever yours, &c.

J. S.

* They had lodgings on Ormond-quay, on the other ſide of the river Liffy, and never reſided at the deanry but in the dean's abſence; when he returned, they removed, nor were Stella and he ever known to meet but in the preſence of a third perſon.

† He had ſo; this being his laſt viſit. He returned to Ireland, on the news of Stella's laſt illneſs, in September following.

LETTER XC.

Rev. Mr. PITT* to WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Eſq;

SIR, Pimpern, July 6, 1728.

. . . . YOU deſire me to recommend a tutor to your nephew. If he is deſigned for a gentleman-commoner, I would recommend him to New-college, (for we

* This amiable poet (who was educated at Winchester-ſchool, and was afterwards fellow of New-college, Oxford,) was at this time rector of the pariſh from whence he dates, near Blandford in Dorſetſhire, to which he was preſented by his relation, George Pitt, eſq; and which he held during the remainder of his life. His tranſlations of the "Poetics of Vida," and the "Æneid of Virgil," have eſtabliſhed his fame, and his "Imitations of Horace" have been thought, by many good judges, not inferior to Pope's. A volume of his "miſcellaneous poems" was publiſhed in 1727. He died in 1748. On his tomb-ſtone were engraved theſe words:

"He lived innocent, and died beloved.

take

take no commoners) and to Mr. Spence *, a fellow of the houſe, for his tutor. I need not enter upon his character, which is very well known; he has a more extenſive character, than you inſiſt upon in your letter †. I believe he is about my age; and he is the completeſt ſcholar, either in ſolid or polite learning, for his years, that I ever knew. Beſides, he is the ſweeteſt-tempered gentleman breathing.

I am mightly taken with your nephew's verſes, and would tranſlate them, if I thought I could do juſtice to them. Accept of theſe, though I am ſenſible, they do not hit off the true turn of the epigram:

* The author of "Polymetis," &c. He died in 1768, being then profeſſor of modern hiſtory at Oxford, and prebendary of Durham.

† Viz. "A man of letters, without pedantry, no "bigot, nor violently attached to any party, but of "a catholic ſpirit, and not unacquainted with natural "philoſophy and the mathematics."

FROM

FROM a ſmall acorn, ſee the oak ariſe,
Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the ſkies!
Queen of the groves, her ſtately head ſhe rears,
Her bulk increaſing with increaſing years!
Now moves in pomp, majeſtic, o'er the deep,
While in her womb Britannia's thunders ſleep;
With fame and conqueſt graces Albion's ſhore,
And guards the iſland, where ſhe grew before *.

I hope, ſir, you will accept of this, as it is written extempore; I know the laſt couplet has ſomething of a turn, but not the ſame with the original. ....

Yours, &c.

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

* The original is as follows:

DE MINIMIS MAXIMA.

Exiguâ creſcit de glande altiſſima quercus,
Et tandem patulis ſurgit in aſtra comis;
Dumque anni pergunt, creſcit latiſſima moles,
Mox ſecat æquoreas, bellica navis, aquas.
Angliacis hinc fama, ſalus hinc naſcitur oris,
Et glans eſt noſtri præſidium imperii.

LUDOVICUS DUNCOMBE, Hertfordienſis.

Some elegant Latin verſes, by the ſame hand, are prefixed to Mr. Hughes's "poems."

LETTER

LETTER XCI.

Dean SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Market-hill *, Nov. 16, 1728.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind intention in the purchaſe you mention; but it will not anſwer my deſign, becauſe theſe lands are let in leaſes renewable for ever †, and conſequently can never have the rent raiſed, which is mortal to all eſtates left for ever to a public uſe, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and moſt corporations feel the ſmart of it.

* The ſeat of ſir Arthur Acheſon, where the dean paſſed two ſummers. He had a farm near it, which was let to him by ſir Arthur, called afterwards Drapier's Hill. See ſome verſes on that ſubject, vol. xviii of his "works," p. 52.

† Accordingly, in his will, by which he deviſed his fortune to the building and endowing an hoſpital for lunatics, he reſtrained his executors from purchaſing any lands that were "encumbered with leaſes "for lives renewable."

I have been here ſeveral months to amuſe me in my diſorders of giddineſs * and deafneſs, of which I have frequent returns---and I ſhall hardly return to Dublin till Chriſtmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loſs †. Such misfortunes ſeem to break the whole ſcheme of a man's life; and although time may leſſen ſorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of ſo near a companion, nor hardly ſupply it with another ‡. I wiſh you health and happineſs,

* This diſorder, which with intermiſſions purſued him till it ſeemed to complete its conqueſt, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own Struldbrugs, lord Orrery often heard him aſcribe to a ſurfeit, occaſioned by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit at ſir William Temple's in 1691.

† The death of Mrs. Wallis.

‡ This ſentiment, no doubt, came from the writer's heart. Stella, the incomparable Stella, was then no more.

and

and that the pledge * left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great ſincerity,

Your moſt obliged
and moſt humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER XCII.

MONTAGU BACON, Eſq; † to GEORGE JEFFREYS, Eſq; ‡

DEAR GEORGE,

Cambridge, Oct. 6, 1732.
At Quarles's coffee-houſe.

TO make ſome amends for my dogged ſilence in Leiceſterſhire, I here begin a

* A ſon, now a barriſter at law.

† Younger ſon of Nicholas Bacon, eſq; of Shrubland in Suffolk, and fellow-commoner of Trinity-college, Cambridge, where he was admitted in 1704-5. He died in 1740, aged 51.

‡ This gentleman, who was educated at Weſtminſter-ſchool under Dr. Buſby, was the ſon of Chriſto-

correſpondence with you from the banks of Cam. Is not that a poetical beginning? I

pher Jeffreys, eſq; of Weldron in Northamptonſhire, and nephew to James lord Chandos. He was admitted of Trinity-college, Cambridge, in 1694, where he took the degrees in arts, was elected fellow in 1701, and preſided in the philoſophy-ſchools as moderator in 1706. He was alſo ſub-orator for Dr. Ayloffe, and not going into orders within eight years, as the ſtatutes of that college require, he quitted his fellowſhip in 1709. In the words of one of his contemporaries, (the late vice-maſter, Dr. Walker,) "he performed his exerciſes in the college and uni-"verſity with applauſe; which, with a genteel modeſt "deportment, gained him much eſteem." Though Mr. Jeffreys was called to the bar, he never practiſed the law, but, after acting as ſecretary to Dr. Hartſtonge biſhop of Derry, at the latter end of queen Anne's and the beginning of king George the I's reign, ſpent moſt of the remainder of his life in the families of the two laſt dukes of Chandos, his relations. In 1754 he publiſhed, by ſubſcription, a 4to volume of "miſcellanies, in verſe and proſe," among which are two tragedies, (viz. "Edwin" and "Me-"rope," both acted at the theatre-royal in Lincoln's-inn-fields) and "The triumph of truth," an oratorio. All that the compiler of "The companion "to the playhouſe" ſays of Mr. Jeffreys, is, that "he enjoyed ſome poſt in the cuſtom-houſe, and was "author of 'one' dramatic piece, which met with "little

have but very little news to tell you; for all college-news I am mortally ſick of; 'tis very nauſeous at the firſt hand; and 'tis no wonder a commodity, that is bad upon the place, ſhould very ill bear the carriage. ....

Bentley is preparing an "anſwer to the "articles *," againſt next year; and, as an

"little ſucceſs, entitled 'Edwin'." And Dr. Francklin, the tranſlator of "Voltaire's dramatic works," publiſhed in 1762, ſuppoſes his author "miſtaken "in aſſerting, that an Engliſh Merope was acted at "London in 1731, as, by all the enquiry he (the "tranſlator) had made amongſt perſons concerned in "the theatres at that time, he could not diſcover "that any ſuch tragedy was ever exhibited." Yet Quin, Ryan, Milward, &c. acted in it, and the names of Dr. Francklin himſelf (then Greek profeſſor,) and above twenty other members of Trinity-college, appear in the liſt of ſubſcribers to Mr. Jeffreys's "works." "This collection" (as the author obſerves in his dedication to the preſent duke of Chandos, then marqueſs of Carnarvon,) "includes "an uncommon length of time from the verſes on "the duke of Glouceſter's death in 1700 to thoſe on "his lordſhip's marriage in 1753." Mr. Jeffreys died in 1755, aged 77.

* Of complaint, exhibited againſt him by the college, in June, 1729, before the biſhop of Ely, their viſitor.

appendix to it, his "Homer*" is to come out, which he is hard at work at. I hope your "*Scacchia* †" is finiſhed and ready for the preſs; I thank you for the ſight of it. Beſides the pleaſure it gave me, it made me underſtand a very unintelligible book, at leaſt to me. I am at preſent doing little elſe, but cleaning my books, and accommodating my taſte to this very

* It does not appear that this (if written) was ever publiſhed, nor is it mentioned by Dr. Bentley's biographers. Perhaps the letter-writer meant his "Milton."

† A "poem on cheſs," tranſlated from Vida at the deſire of the firſt duke of Chandos. "It was a "happy choice," ſays Dr. Warton, "to write a "poem on cheſs, nor is the execution leſs happy. "The various ſtratagems and manifold intricacies of "this ingenious game, ſo difficult to be deſcribed in "Latin, are here expreſſed with the greateſt perſpi- "cuity and elegance, ſo that perhaps the game "might be learned from this deſcription."

"Eſſay on Pope," p. 192.

Pope's "game at ombre," in his "rape of the "lock," (as this writer alſo obſerves, p. 232,) is certainly imitated from it.

dull

dull place; and to do the latter of theſe, conſidering the preſent diviſions, and continual bones of contention, is not an eaſy matter. However, that you may not think I wholly neglect reading, I muſt tell you I have, with great pleaſure, been reading over a French book, called *Mélanges d' hiſtoire et de literature*, by Vigneul Marville *, 3 vols. I never read it before, though I have often ſeen and heard of the book. There are many curious anecdotes in it, and a great knowledge of books and authors. His judgment is not always certain, but has ſometimes a little of the coxcomb. I'll give you an inſtance, in a compariſon, he makes, between Virgil and Homer; but, on ſecond thoughts, it will be too long for this letter; I will very ſoon give it you, with my reflections, in another.---

I dipped lately into Cowley's "Davi-"deïs," and read one book of it, and found there, what I thought, I could not

* A fictitious name. Dom. Noel Dargonne was the real author.

have

have met with in Engliſh, twenty monoſyllables together, in two very well-ſounding verſes. I remember that Vaugelas, and the French academy, both agree, that there is even a ſweetneſs in joining twelve monoſyllables, and produce a verſe of Malherbe to juſtify it:

Et moi, je ne vois rien, quand je ne la vois pas.

This, they ſay, is one of the ſweeteſt, and runs the beſt, of any he has made. For my part, with my foreign ear, I cannot think ſo; but, if it be ſo, I think I can ſay almoſt as much for theſe Engliſh ones:

His birth, great ſir, ſo much to mine is tied,
That praiſe of that might look from me like pride.
Book iii.

Again, there is another couplet, where all, but one word, are monoſyllables, and yet they are harmonious enough:

Forbid it GOD, that, where thy right is try'd,
The ſtrength of man ſhould find juſt cauſe for pride *.

* For Mr. Jeffreys's opinion of monoſyllable verſes, ſee an eſſay in the "appendix."

Pray

Pray tell me one thing, and I'll trouble you no further; is it Engliſh, do you think, to uſe *advance* as a ſubſtantive, for *advancement?* I believe not. Yet he has uſed it in a fine repetition of the words *fate* and *chance*,

So vain are mens deſigns! for fate and chance,
And earth and heaven, conſpire to his *advance*.

I'll mention, now my hand is in, one thing more, which is to me an odd and new tranſpoſition, and yet really I think it good: 'tis in the ſecond of theſe verſes about Jonathan,

A name, which every wind to heaven would bear,
Which men to ſpeak, and angels joy to hear.

I have tired you with my lucubrations, and ſo I conclude, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

M. BACON.

P. S.

P. S. There is a particular beauty in the above lines, "His birth, &c." which I juſt now recollect, viz. that 'tis at the beginning of a narration, and it is obſerved, that Virgil almoſt always begins a deſcription with a monoſyllable:

Eſt in ſeceſſu.

And twenty other examples I have ſeen laid together by Pontanus.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr. BACON to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Cambridge, Oct. 26, 1732.

AS to your "rhetoric," I profeſs I am at a loſs for the author of it; I ſuppoſe it to be ſomebody about biſhop Andrews's time, a long time ago, before the "flood," as I think Mr. Dryden calls the grand rebellion. And I can only anſwer it by another

of

of the famous ſir John Cheek, viz. " Where " *treaſon* is above *reaſon*, and *might* rules " *right*, and *commotioners* are better than " *commiſſioners*,"-----with ſuch pretty jingle. . . . . .

. . . As to my French critic *, he is making a compariſon between Homer and Virgil, and obſerves, very judiciouſly, " that Virgil has given the fineſt example " of unlawful love, that ever was, in " Dido; and Homer the moſt beautiful " inſtance of conjugal love, that is any " where to be met with, in Andromache." So far he is right; but what I object to, is this; he ſays, " the ſupper of Alcinoüs is " the beſt-contrived entertainment that can " be; and that Dido's ſupper in Virgil " is not even within the rules of *bienſéance*. " In Homer, (he ſays,) they ſing the ad- " ventures and gallantries of the gods; in " Virgil, matters of philoſophy, the ſtars, " and the tides, and I know not what all. " ---Place Dido's feaſt in Phæacia, and

* See the laſt letter, p. 21.

" Alcinoüs's in Carthage, and all will be " right." And, I believe, the Frenchman would have done indeed juſt ſo. But Virgil underſtands decency a little better. What! ſhould Dido, that ſevere widow and queen, whoſe heart, till that time, was in the grave with Sichæus, and had deſpiſed Iärbas, and I know not how many lovers more, have nothing but bawdy ſongs ſung at her table, the *dulcia furta* of the gods, to tell Æneas, from the very beginning, what ſhe was thinking of? That would have been an advance indeed! And as to the philoſophy, which he thinks improper, it is to be conſidered, that the country Dido came from, was near the original of aſtronomy, and at that time the moſt learned part of the world: beſides, the Phœnicians dealing wholly in navigation, the ſtars and the tides, and the length and ſhortneſs of the days were ſubjects that concerned them. And it had almoſt the dignity of a hymn, or, as formerly here in England, a chapter of the bible. This, I think, is enough to preſerve Virgil's feaſt from tranſportation; to rehabilitate it in the place where

it

ſt is; and to ſave it from the fate of ſir John Daw's ſupper, to be carried over the way.

The author I blame in this, is Vigneul Marville, who, however, has many good things in him. I forgot to ſay, that Atlas, who was ſuppoſed to live in Afric, had taught Iöpas, which makes it ſtill more proper for the place where they were. Take it which way you will, 'tis excuſable enough: this laſt I have from the common notes.

As to your notion of tranſpoſitions, I think it does not at all affect the merit of the poet; for it is certain, that the conſtraint of verſe, and even of rhyme, as it is a hindrance to the writer in ſome things, ſo that very conſtraint occaſions many of the beauties of poetry, to thoſe who have the genius to get over it, as every good poet has. But it would require too long, and too philoſophical a diſcuſſion to go through with the proof of it. I have an idea how it may be demonſtrated.

You frightened me a little about *Father Francis* *; I was afraid you were going to make a funeral oration on Atterbury †, which might contain ſome treaſon; but the name of the *Spectator* made me take heart of grace again: we have recollected the ſtory.

I ſhall be glad to receive your "works" into my ſtudy; and I am preparing a place for them,

Tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens Scorpius, &c.

I doubt not but you will do an honour to my collection; though, without vanity, as poetry goes now, it would be a ſort of an apotheoſis for moſt of the preſent writers.

Yours moſt affectionately,

M. BACON.

* "Father Francis and ſiſter Conſtance, a tale, "from the 'Spectator,' vol. 2, numb. 164, turned "into verſe and enlarged by Mr. Jeffreys." See it in his "works," p. 119.

† That biſhop died in exile at Paris, February 17, 1731.

To ſhew you how differently the ſame things may be ſaid by different poets, and how a great genius makes things ſhine where a trifler makes them ridiculous, take theſe inſtances of Cowley and Milton. I ſhall quote only the verſes of Cowley, and leave you to recollect thoſe of Milton.

" Here a vaſt hill 'gainſt thund'ring Baäl was thrown,
" Trees and beaſts on't, &c.
" One flings a mountain, and its river too,
" Torn up with't; that rains back on him that threw."

Again.

" His ſpear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
" Which nature meant, ſome tall ſhip's maſt ſhould be."

Again.

" Their jocund ſhouts th' air, like a ſtorm, did tear."

" Tormented all the air! &c."—Milton.

LETTER

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. BACON to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Cambridge, Dec. 10, 1732.

I THANK you kindly for your entertaining letter, but muſt be ſhort in my preface, having two long points to anſwer. You talk to me, as of a *terra auſtralis incognita*, about two authors that I am particularly acquainted with; I mean, if by "father *Hardin*," you intend "father *Har-*"*dœüin*," which I ſhould hardly imagine. Malebranche I was complete maſter of above twelve years ago, and, of what you call "jargon," I dare ſay, I underſtand as much as the author himſelf did. I know full well all his faults, and had, many years ſince, a deſign to have extracted his good things, by way of *ana* *, and left the bad behind. His ſcheme about "ideas,

* Like *Menagiana, Huetiana*, &c.

"union

" union with God," &c. is unintelligible nonſenſe, come from what father it will; but he muſt be a critic in conſequences indeed, that can extract atheiſm out of nonſenſe. But, not to run down Malebranche neither; for a knowledge of human nature, in all its branches, the imagination, the ſenſes, the inclinations, and the paſſions, no man has ſhewn a greater and more comprehenſive underſtanding. And for ſtyle, he is the moſt noble, the moſt magnificent, and the cleareſt writer, I may very near ſay, that ever I read. Is Plato, whoſe ſucceſſor Malebranche is, deſpiſed, becauſe his principles are unintelligible, when the beauty of imagination is ſo great in his works? Malebranche has likewiſe written againſt imagination with the fineſt imagination that can be. As to the objection of " atheiſm," I always thought him bigottedly ſuperſtitious, and that, like his maſter, Plato, he was as proper a man as could be, to have diſcovered the *Trinitarian* notion, before it was revealed, by mere ſtrength of thinking out of the way. But the clergy, I am afraid, of all nations,

tions, have an arch-chemic power to produce atheiſm in what ſoil they pleaſe; or elſe not even a Jeſuit could have charged ſo devout a man as Malebranche, with it; a man, who thought of nothing, but the love of God, and moral duties, all his life; and ſhewed a contempt for all things elſe. Conſequences, eſpecially where principles are dark, may be wire-drawn any how.

I have a long article for you about father Hardoüin, if he be the man you mean; but I durſt not venture to affront you ſo much, as to ſuppoſe you can want information upon the ſubject of the famous editor of Pliny, the great chronologer, medaliſt, geographer, and ſtill more famous for his ſcheme to prove all the ancient authors, (fathers and all) ſuppoſititious *. I never heard of any father *Hardin* ſo late as you ſpeak of.

* F. Hardoüin excepted Cicero's works, Virgil's georgics, Horace's ſatires, and epiſtles, and Pliny's natural hiſtory. M. Le Clerc, in a letter to Mr. Addiſon,

I entirely agree with you about Cowley, and am ſo far from any incendiary deſign upon him, that I like his *Davidëis*, which is the work we are ſpeaking of, (ſhall I venture to ſay it?) beſt of all his works. I am ſure, the fineſt things, ſome of them, that we have in our mock heroic poems, are imitated from thence. No, it muſt be a Zoilus, not an Ariſtarchus, who would do that. He was undoubtedly a man of very fine parts. But a deſultory life, and, for the moſt part, unfortunate, will hinder any man from coming to that perfection, for which nature deſigned him.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate, and

moſt obliged humble ſervant,

M. BACON.

Addiſon, (dated Amſterdam, Feb. 12, 1709, and publiſhed in Swift's "works,") ſays, "The Je-"ſuits of Paris have condemned in the ſtrongeſt "terms the ſentiments of father Hardoüin, and "have obliged him to recant them in a ſhameful "manner." He died at Paris in 1729, aged 83.

LETTER XCV.

Earl of ORRERY* to THO. SOUTHERNE, Eſq;†

MY DEAR OLD MAN, Marſton ‡, Nov. 1, 1733.

AT my arrival at this dear and delightful place I was welcomed with a letter from

* Alſo earl of Corke in 1753, (on the death of his third couſin, Richard earl of Burlington and Corke) the tranſlator, and, in his own letters, the rival, of Pliny. He died at Marſton in 1762, aged 56.

† This celebrated dramatic writer was born at Dublin, and received the firſt rudiments of his education in that univerſity, but afterwards, in the year 1678, he went to England, and entered himſelf in the Middle Temple. At the time of the duke of Monmouth's invaſion he had a captain's commiſſion in king James's army. He wrote ſeveral plays with different ſucceſs, and having acquired a handſome fortune, ſpent the latter part of his days in quiet. His plays participate too much of the licentiouſneſs of the age in which they were written; but he lived long enough to ſee and lament it. He died in 1746, aged 86.

‡ Near Frome in Somerſetſhire, a ſeat purchaſed of

you, which had lain ſome days on my table. Your commands will be ever obeyed by me with pleaſure, which is ſtill increaſed by your deſiring to know how we go on in the gardens. We are hard at work both within and without doors, but in the gardens we are outdoing Hannibal, and working through rocks more obdurate than the Alps. This difficult taſk is undertaken in order to complete the three hanging terraces that ſhall exceed any of the eaſtern gardens; perhaps too to indulge a ſecret pride, that from the loweſt of theſe I may look down on the higheſt of my neighbours. The wood-walk, which I deſigned a labyrinth, is almoſt finiſhed. Three little fountains, at three ſeveral diſtances, add to the beauty of the place. The goddeſs of ſpring, and her follower the deity of the ſummer, ſtand ſmiling at the beautiful proſpect in the diſtant vale, while Bacchus, in another cabinet of wood,

of ſir John Hippeſley by the firſt earl of Corke. It was formerly part of the eſtate of Edmund earl of Cornwall.

preſents you with the produce of the autumn, to baniſh melancholy and diſſipate gloomy thoughts. *Winter* is ſeen ſhivering in a corner, to remind us of mortality, and I think I muſt carry a death's head always in my pocket, leſt the charms of Marſton make me forget to hope one day to be an inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven. Near the uppermoſt fountain is to ſtand a ſeat, erected according to a plan of your faithful ſervant: two little cloſets at each end, one of which will contain a couch, are the places where you and Phyllis may conſummate your unfiniſhed loves, and where I may count my beads, and ſay my mattins.

I have now told you all that will be finiſhed next ſummer. I am ſcratching out upon paper ten thouſand deſigns for the other parts of the gardens, and my plans commonly ſhare the ſame fate that I wiſh may befall all my works, they are thrown into the fire and forgotten.

From

From the gardens if you will enter the houſe, you will ſee a repreſentation of the golden age; the cats, the dogs, the birds, the children, the maſter, and the ſervants, *omnes ſine vindice tuti.* Lions at Marſton would loſe their fierceneſs; the panther would grow tame: within my territories the emperor and the king of France would be reconciled; whilſt, like my firſt parent, I ſtand in the garden which my great Creator hath planted for me, and where he hath made *every tree pleaſant to the ſight*, nor can I fall but by diſobedience, from which perhaps your prayers, and my own endeavours, may preſerve me. I well remember that my mother Eve tempted my poor weak father Adam, and loſt him Paradiſe: wonder not therefore, my good friend, if I chuſe Paradiſe, and refuſe woman.---The groves of Marſton.--but I am returned to the garden, when I was juſt going to carry you into the hall. There you will ſee as fine a ſet of arms, as are in his majeſty's three kingdoms: pictures and marble tables adorn other ſides of the room;

room; but I am more delighted with the proſpect from the windows, than from the moſt magnificent moveables that can be invented. The great dining-room is covered with pictures: two beautiful canary-birds hang near the windows, and however delighted I may ſometimes be with Italian muſic, theſe choiriſters charm my ears more than the ſofteſt notes of Cuzzoni's voice ever did. In this room I have had the honour to entertain one of the greateſt men of this nation, your much honoured lord Carteret *; with him were lord Weymouth †, &c.

Our champaign flew about with the alacrity it uſually does in this houſe, nor is the maſter ever better pleaſed than when he has an opportunity of improving himſelf by the converſation and countenance of ſuch men. I am then, methinks, in

* Afterwards earl of Granville, on the death of his mother in 1744.

† Father of the preſent viſcount, and ſon-in-law to lord Carteret.

the

the ſame ſituation in which a Greek epigram, which Fenton * has tranſlated, puts

* "Mr. Fenton," ſays this noble writer in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, dated in 1756, "was my tutor; "he taught me to read Engliſh, and attended me "through the Latin tongue from the age of ſeven to "thirteen. When I became a man, a conſtant and "free friendſhip ſubſiſted between us. The fact "which Mr. Warton aſſerts concerning him [in the "eſſay on Pope] is far from being true. He "tranſlated double the number of books in the O-"dyſſey that Pope has owned. His reward was a "trifle, an errant trifle. He has even told me, that "he thought Pope feared him more than he loved "him: he had no opinion of Pope's heart, and de-"clared him, in the words of biſhop Atterbury, "mens curva in corpore curvo. Poor Fenton died "of a great chair, and two bottles of port a day. "He was one of the worthieſt and modeſteſt men "that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears "ariſe when I think of him, though he has been "dead above twenty years."

Pope, in a letter to Gay, dated July 20, 1730, juſt after Fenton's death, mentions him in much the ſame manner: "I have juſt received the news of "the death of a friend whom I eſteemed almoſt as "many years as you; poor Fenton! He died at "Eaſt-hamſtead [lady Trumbull's] of indolence and "inactivity."

old Homer; I am liſtening to Apollo ſinging, and ſtealing his ſong from him.

" inactivity." The writer of Fenton's life in the " ſupplement to the Biographia," p. 50, ſays, that " being diſmiſſed from his employ of ſecretary to the " earl of Orrery in 1705, he gladly accepted the " offer of the free-ſchool at Sevenoak in Kent." It appears, however, from the above, that Fenton was ſeveral years afterwards tutor to his lordſhip's ſon (then lord Boyle) and for that reaſon probably " his " ſalary" (as mentioned by the biographer) might be " continued to him."

As Sevenoak is but five miles from Penſhurſt, if we had not ſuch good vouchers for his indolence, we ſhould be at a loſs to account for a man of Mr. Fenton's taſte and genius never viſiting that ſeat of the muſes, that Engliſh Arcadia, like ancient Greece the theme of poets, the nurſe of heroes. If he had, he could not have ſaid, in his obſervations on theſe lines of Waller " at Penſhurſt,"

Go, boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of that old tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth——

" Theſe verſes apparently refer to ſome tree in " Penſhurſt-park, that was planted at the birth of " the famous ſir Philip; of which there is now no " tradition remaining in the family; but we may " apply

I will not tire you with a deſcription of any other parts of the houſe, with which you are already well acquainted. The days are now grown ſhort; I have therefore prepared all the amuſements within

" apply to it what Cicero ſays of the Marian " oak, &c."

This tree was in being till the year 1768, when it was cut down by the late Algernon Sydney, eſq; not long before his death, thus expiring with the name and family to which it owed its origin, and now indeed, like the Sydneys, living only in hiſtory, tradition, and ſong.

Ben Johnſon mentions it in the following manner:

" That later tree, which of an oak was ſet,
" At his great birth, where all the muſes met."

And this hint the late Mr. Coventry (author of " Pompey the little") has improved into a beautiful " epiſode in his poem " on Penſhurſt," printed in " Dodſley's collection," vol. iv. p. 50.

Mr. Coventry wrote " an inſcription" for the ſame oak, which is printed in the " Gentleman's " magazine" for 1760, p. 184.

doors that will make a ſolitary life agreeable. When my children are put to bed, I betake myſelf either to the ſtudy of hiſtory, poetry, or natural philoſophy; and with theſe I make ſhift to ſit up till towards eleven; and, then, like Othello, I *put out the light*, and, without his guilt, wiſh for Deſdemona; but in vain*! And if I am ever melancholy, it is then, when I cannot help repeating what that black monſter ſays, with the additional horror of ſoul, which attends murder,

"My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife!
"O inſupportable! O heavy hour!

Sometimes indeed, unluckily enough for my friends, I am in a humour to write long letters, and that, you ſee, is the preſent turn of my temper, for I have been gazing at dried butterflies, hornets, and beetles, 'till I remembered I was a letter in

* Henrietta counteſs of Orrery, daughter to the earl of Orkney, died in 1732. See her character (and epitaph) in lord Orrery's "Pliny," vol. ii, p. 183.

your

your debt, and ſo took a reſolution to pay you with intereſt.

Lord Boyle * is very much your humble ſervant. He is employed all day long on my errands, which he executes without the leaſt miſtake. He puzzles me ſometimes with his queſtions, and makes me bluſh with his obſervations. I endeavour to turn off the diſcourſe as well as I can; but if I do not take care, the boy will ſoon grow too wiſe for me, and find out that there are but few years difference in our age, and much fewer in our underſtandings. Hammy †, who is leſs ſedate than his brother, contents himſelf with his

* Charles, afterwards ſtyled viſcount Dungarvan. He was at this time about five years old. He married in 1753 the daughter of Henry Hoare, eſq; and died in 1759, leaving only a daughter. His relict is married to lord Bruce.

† The hon. Hamilton Boyle, afterwards viſcount Dungarvan, and on his father's death, earl of Corke, &c. He was at this time about four years old. He died, unmarried, in 1764.

tops and his marbles, without enquiring into the natural cauſes of things: by this means, the youngeſt bids fair to be the favourite, for I find I muſt give the other a rap * over the head in my will, or the next age will quite forget me. Betty † is the erranteſt romp in Chriſtendom. She talks as faſt as any of her ſex, and, like moſt fine ladies, in a dialect not eaſy to be underſtood. Sickneſs and indolence tremble at the ſight of her, for ſhe is the picture of health, and a "veritable" Miſs Hoyden.

The great king Nobby ‡ brought me home ſafe in the dark laſt night, and the

* His lordſhip, it is probable, here ſpoke feelingly, with an alluſion to the cruel and moſt undeſerved "rap" that he had received from his own father, in the bequeſt of his library, conſiſting of above 10,000 valuable books, and a very fine collection of mathematical inſtruments, to Chriſt-church, Oxford.

† Lady Elizabeth Boyle, now the relict of ſir Thomas Worſley, bart.

‡ A favourite horſe, whoſe life by great care was prolonged to the uncommon age of 34.

invincible

invincible Hector * is faithful and courageous ſtill. Our aviary has received a great loſs by the death of a favourite parroquet, who died, as he lived, with ſilence and tranquillity; he has left a diſconſolate widow, who, we feared, would not have ſurvived him, but, to my great joy, has admitted the addreſſes of an Indian nightingale, who courts her every morning with a ſong. This is the ſtate of men and beaſts at Marſton; whilſt our neighbours have their misfortunes. Lord Weymouth has had a fall from his horſe, by which his life was endangered: lady Weymouth has miſcarried, occaſioned by the fright ſhe received at ſeeing her lord brought home bloody and lifeleſs.

Great, undoubtedly, are the preparations for the enſuing nuptials *; but let

* A favourite grey-hound, who lived to the age of 14. In an invitation of Dr. Swift, to Marſton (dated April 3, 1737,) lord Orrery ſays, "Hector "ſhall fawn upon you." Both theſe old ſervants have monumental inſcriptions to their memory in the gardens at Marſton.

† Of the prince of Orange and the princeſs royal.

them

them bury, or let them marry, I am content, ſo that the fates permit me to be lord of Marſton, and

Your humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

LETTER XCVI. *

From EDWARD HARRISON, Eſq;

SIR, St. James's Place, Sept. 21, 1734.

I HAVE looked over all my poetical papers, but cannot find any of Mr. Hughes's writing. I believe, I gave a good many, ſoon after his death, to his brother, and ſome to your lady. I ſhould readily contribute any thing in my power; a complete edition of the works of a gentleman, for whom I had ſo great a value, being what I have long deſired.....

* This and the twenty-ſix following letters are addreſſed to Mr. Duncombe.

.....I

. . . . I could wiſh the alterations he was forced to ſubmit to make in the "Siege of Damaſcus," were printed, which would make ſome of the ſcenes more reaſonably paſſionate, and by conſequence more engaging *.

I am, Sir, your obedient ſervant,

E. HARRISON.

I do not doubt but you know that Mr. Hughes's life, as publiſhed by Jacob †, was written by himſelf.

* They are now printed in the "appendix" to this work.

† In the "lives of the poets."

LETTER

LETTER XCVII.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR, Twickenham, Oct. 20, 1734.

I AM obliged for the favour of yours. I have looked for the letter Mr. Hughes ſent me, but cannot find it. I had a great regard for his merit, modeſty, and ſoftneſs of manners. He writ to me a few days before his death, concerning his play of the "Siege of Damaſcus," which is the only letter I can meet with.

I thank you for the part you are pleaſed to take, both in regard to my health (which has, I thank GOD, been as good as uſual,) and to my reputation, my poetical welfare, which I reſign as much to Providence as the other. But truly I had not the leaſt thought of ſtealing applauſe by ſuppreſſing my name to that "eſſay" *: I wanted

* The "eſſay on man." This work came out ſeparately, the firſt book being publiſhed in 1732, and the laſt in 1734.

only

only to hear truth, and was more afraid of my partial friends than enemies. Beſides, I really was humble and diffident enough, to diſtruſt my own performance. All I can ſay of it is, that I know it to be an honeſt one.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER XCVIII.

From the Rev. Dr. WATTS *.

SIR, From lady Abney's at Newington, Nov. 1, 1734.

YOUR preſent of a ticket, which entitles me to Mr. Hughes's "poems," was an agreeable ſurpriſe. My acquaintance and intimacy with that ingenious gentleman

* See note on letter ii, vol. i.

was in the younger years of life chiefly; our later ſituations in the world divided us ſo far as to prevent frequent converſation, though not to deſtroy mutual eſteem..... Your lady, I believe, I have ſeen as a child in ſome of my ancient viſits to Mr. John Hughes, when his brother, Jabez, was a little boy. While I write thus, methinks I recall youth, and revive ſome buried ideas. But eternity lies before me, and appears in a much nearer view. May I be found ready for the important ſummons !....

I have ſeen the French "Athaliah" * long ago, and by your tranſlation † now enjoy the Engliſh; but a man of my character muſt not too much indulge what relates to the modern ſtage, becauſe of its vicious entertainments. It is my opinion that dramatic poeſy might have been uſeful to many happy purpoſes, had it always been kept within the bounds preſcribed by

* By Racine.

† Printed for Watts, 1723. There have been three editions of it.

virtue

virtue and religion, as Racine has done. But, as you ſay from Horace concerning yourſelf, "*Quid verum atq; decens curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc ſum,*" ſo I muſt ſay (at leaſt ſince my laſt publiſhed miſcellanies) *Nunc itaque et verſus et cætera ludicra pono.*

Mr. Samuel Say * (of whom you write) was an old intimate of Mr. John Hughes at the ſame time with me, being all fellow-ſtudents together in logic and philoſophy. He is very lately fixed in London, a miniſter to that congregation which was lately under the care of the Rev. Dr. Calamy. With all due ſalutations,

I am, &c.

I. WATTS.

* See note on letter iv, vol. i, p. 19.

LETTER XCIX.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR, Twit'nam, Nov. 5, [1734.]

I AM extremely willing to bear any teſtimony of my real regard for Mr. Hughes, and therefore what you mention of my letter to his brother *, after his death †, will be a greater inſtance of the ſincerity with which it was given: it is perfectly at your ſervice. I thank you for the tenderneſs with which you deal in this matter toward me, and I eſteem you for that which you ſhew to the memory of your kinſman. I doubt not but you will diſcharge it in a becoming manner, and am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

* Deſiring to inſert it (with Mr. Pope's conſent) in the memoirs of Mr. Hughes prefixed to his "poems."

† See letter lxxxiii, vol. i.

LETTER

LETTER C.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR, Edinburgh, Nov. 21, 1734.

I HAD the pleaſure to receive a letter from you, which I would have anſwered ſooner; but this happens to be a time when I have a good deal of buſineſs upon my hands, in preparing for my winter work, and the inſtruction of the young gentlemen who ſtudy the law under my care.

My friendſhip for Mr. Hughes, and the reſpect I have for his memory, make it agreeable to me to hear of any thing particular relating to ſo near a relation of his as you are. You may imagine therefore the account you give me of your family was moſt acceptable. And, in return, I am to tell you, that I am very happy in mine. The *Sparkler*, I am afraid, is not now

now ſo proper a name for Mrs. Bayne as it was when I wrote that letter * you mention: however, that part of the brilliant which ſhe has loſt, is loſt only by communication, for ſhe has brought me two girls, one of twenty and another of eighteen, who have caught it; and I have the ſatisfaction to think, it is the leaſt part of their value that they are handſome. I have three boys, the eldeſt of ſeven years of age, who are all much handſomer than is needful for them, and the eldeſt promiſes ſomething of a genius, which I am the apter to flatter myſelf with the hopes of, as his eldeſt ſiſter has it; who, without being in the ſmalleſt degree prompted, has gone through more books than moſt men of twice her age uſually do: and, which is beſt of all, ſhe is not ſenſible of that ſuperiority ſhe has over moſt of her ſex of like age with herſelf.

I am much pleaſed to find you are carrying on an edition of Mr. Hughes's

* See letter xxv, vol. i.

poetical

poetical works, ... and am, with a ſincere affection, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

AL. BAYNE.

LETTER CI.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR, Saturday, Nov. 23, 1734.

MY abſence from home prevented my receiving your two letters till this day. I would elſe have read your tragedy * willingly; and I beg you not to take it amiſs that I return your preſent of the tickets, ſince it is not in my power to be there next week, through indiſpenſable obligations in the country at ſome diſtance. I think your

* "Lucius Junius Brutus," then acting at Drury-lane houſe.

pro-

prologue * a good one, and I think of players as I always thought of players, and of the ſon as I thought of the father. I ſincerely wiſh you ſucceſs, and am,

Sir, your moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER CII.

From the Rev. Dr. RUNDLE †.

SIR, Edgcumbe ‡, Dec. 9, 1734.

I AM moſt extremely obliged to you for the concern you have expreſſed for my

* This prologue, (which was ſpoken by Mr. Milward with applauſe,) had been returned to the author, with great contempt, by Mr. Theophilus Cibber.

† At this time prebendary of Durham, archdeacon of Wilts, and chaplain to lord chancellor Talbot.

Dr.

ſucceſs, and ſhall ever acknowledge the friendlineſs of the advice you have given me, though 'tis by no means proper for

Dr. Rundle being recommended to the king by the lord chancellor for the biſhopric of Glouceſter, (on the death of biſhop Sydall,) his appointment was ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by the biſhop of London (Dr. Gibſon) from a notion of the doctor's being a deiſt, founded on ſome unguarded expreſſions which had dropped from him ſome years before in a private converſation, at which Mr. Venn, (who was the informer) Dr. Stebbing, &c. were preſent. In conſequence of this oppoſition, the lord chancellor was at length induced to withdraw his recommendation, Dr. Benſon was promoted to the Engliſh biſhopric, and Dr. Rundle to the biſhopric of Derry in Ireland. On this occaſion, Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath) thus expreſſes himſelf in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated March 11, 1734-5: "What do "you ſay to the buſtle made here to prevent "the man from being an Engliſh biſhop, and "afterwards allowing him to be a good Chriſtian "enough for an Iriſh one? Sure, the oppoſition, or "the acquieſcence, muſt have been moſt abominably "ſcandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's "character, (for I am not in the leaſt acquainted "with him myſelf) he is far from being the great "and learned man his friends would have the world "believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad

for me to follow it. The lord chancellor * hath been pleaſed to think his honour concerned more than mine, to deſire me to be quiet and eaſy, and accordingly I have taken not one ſtep in this affair from the beginning, and ſhall be ſatisfied with any

" man his enemies repreſent him." And Dr. Swift, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 3, 1735, ſays, " I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he " is indeed worth all the reſt you ever ſent us; but " that is ſaying nothing, for he anſwers your cha- " racter." To which Mr. Pope replies, " I am " glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will " be an honour to the biſhops, and a diſgrace to one " biſhop, two things you will like: but what you " will like more particularly, he will be a friend " to human race where-ever he goes.—I never ſaw " a man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo much as Dr. " Rundle."

‡ In Cornwall, the ſeat of Richard Edgcumbe, eſq; created lord Edgcumbe in 1742.

* Charles lord Talbot, ſo created on receiving the great ſeal in 1733, the delight and honour of his country, both in his judicial and miniſterial capacity. He died Feb. 14, 1736-7.

thing

thing that he thinks proper to do, without interpoſing any ſcheme of my own in the leaſt. I deſire not any preferment which muſt be owing to a diſregard of him and his honour. If an intimate knowledge of me, and the higheſt friendſhip for me, during twenty years together, is not a ſufficient teſtimony to my reputation, nor to be preferred to Mr. Venn's, I muſt be contented to ſuffer at preſent. Poſterity will think his unexampled zeal for me the higheſt honour, though now it is diſregarded. I have not lived with obſcure men, but have enjoyed the favour of others, who are eſteemed by all that love this nation and our conſtitution. The late ſpeaker * hath ſhewn the ſincerity of his affection for me on this occaſion. He firſt offered me his friendſhip on the account of a public diſpute I had againſt Tindal and Collins at the Grecian coffee-houſe, in de-

* Spencer Compton, created earl of Wilmington in 1730. He was ſpeaker of the houſe of commons all the reign of George the firſt. At the time of his death, in 1743, he was firſt lord of the treaſury.

fence of Chriſtianity, and hath continued it ever ſince. I am an open talkative man; and not one of my acquaintance ever ſuſpected my diſbelief of the Chriſtian religion from any expreſſion that ever dropt from me, in the moſt unguarded hour of vehemence in diſpute. I never omitted one opportunity of defending it in private, when the turn of converſation made it decent; or in public, when the diſputes of the age made it neceſſary. I have ſpoken charges to the clergy, or preached on the moſt ſolemn occaſions, againſt Collins, Woolſton, Tindal, as multitudes will and have teſtified. But from a chance converſation Mr. Venn thinks otherwiſe. How apt he is to miſtake, and report his imagination, let his uſage of Dr. Hutchinſon teſtify; and I accuſe him of nothing more. But Dr. Stebbing was alſo offended with what I then ſaid! Let his cruel ſhocking charge againſt Dr. Sykes witneſs, how eaſily he is provoked to work up the expreſſions of thoſe he diſlikes into moſt deteſtable meanings. But I forgive them both, and though they treat me thus, I would

ſerve

ſerve them, if I could, to-morrow. Though they will not believe my profeſſions of Chriſtianity, I will always obey, and enjoy the conſolation of its precepts and promiſes. They may injure my fortune, but ſhall not my temper. I do not doubt but the biſhop of London thinks me a very bad man; and thinks in oppoſing me he doth God and the church good ſervice; but it is not me, but the phantom repreſented to him under my name, that he ſo vehemently oppoſes. If he knew me, poſſibly I ſhould have the favour of his eſteem and recommendation. I only complain that he prefers a tittle-tattle hear-ſay character from men that have no intimacy with me, to the dean of Chriſt-church *, whom he loves, to all my acquaintance, whom he hath examined, to the ſpeaker, whom he cannot but eſteem, and the lord chancellor, whom every man in England (unleſs thoſe who are angry on this occaſion) loves, and eſteems, and rejoices in his in-

* Dr. Coneybeare, afterwards biſhop of Briſtol.

tegrity.

tegrity. I desire no greater reputation in life than to be named the friend of the Talbot family, who loves and is beloved by them all; nor any nobler praise to be inscribed on my grave. If these testimonies on my behalf are insufficient, I am contented to be disregarded, and must submit to an usage, that is as unexampled as undeserved. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and shall be glad to have it in my power to assure you that

I am, your obliged and

obedient humble servant,

THO. RUNDLE.

LETTER

LETTER CIII.

From Mr. GALLIARD.

SIR, Dec. 10, 1734.

I THANK you for the preſent of the works of Mr. Hughes, the long continued friendſhip of whom was always dear to me, and whoſe talents I valued. Concerning the paragraph you mention, I muſt ſet you right in ſome particulars. I did not compoſe the choruſſes to both the duke of Buckingham's tragedies; for Signor Bononcini ſet to muſic thoſe of "Marcus "Brutus," written partly by the duke, and partly by Mr. Pope; and I ſet thoſe to the tragedy of "Julius Cæſar," entirely written by his grace *.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

J. E. GALLIARD.

* The author of "The Britiſh theatre" is therefore miſtaken in ſaying, p. 179, that "the cho-

"ruſſes

LETTER CIV.

From Mr. SOUTHERNE.

From Mr. Killegrew's *, at Shanville-hall,
DEAR SIR, near Chelmsford, Jan. 2, 1734-5.

YOU do me more honour than I deſerve in the ſeveral parts of your letter. I

" ruſſes of ' both' theſe plays were ſet to muſic by " that great compoſer, Signor Bononcini." Theſe plays were to have been performed in the year 1729; but Engliſh voices being few, the Italians were applied to, who demanded more for their nightly performance than the receipts of the houſe would amount to, at the uſual raiſed prices; and, on that account, the deſign was dropped. Mr. (now biſhop) Warburton obſerves, that " the two choruſſes were " made at the requeſt of the duke, to adorn a very " poor performance of his, and that they have the " uſual effect of all ill-adjuſted ornaments, they " make the meanneſs of the piece more conſpicuous."

" Notes to the firſt chorus in vol. i. of " Pope's works, edit. Warburton."

* See letter xcv, p. 34, note †.

am

am not worthy to be the ſire of ſo good a poetical ſon; but it has often been that the ſon has exceeded the father in his own profeſſion. Your epilogue * is very good, and lady Sarah Cowper † did credit to her judgment in approving it, and an honour to her own character in praiſing the decency with which it is written ‡. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

* To Lucius Junius Brutus.

† Daughter of lord chancellor Cowper, a lady diſtinguiſhed for her ſenſe and accompliſhments. She died unmarried in 1758.

‡ "*Si ſic omnia.*"——

LETTER CV.

From Mrs. Rowe *.

SIR, Frome †, Jan. 11, 1734-5.

THE "elegy" ‡ you mention is at your ſervice, and (with my lord Orrery's

* This pious and ingenious lady, the daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, a diſſenting miniſter at Ilcheſter, was at this time the reliƈt of Mr. Thomas Rowe, on whoſe death (in 1715) ſhe retired to Frome. She died of an apoplexy Feb. 20, 1736-7. Her "devout "exerciſes" were publiſhed by Dr. Iſaac Watts in 1737, and her "miſcellaneous works in verſe and "proſe" by Mr. Theophilus Rowe, her brother-in-law, in 1739.

Her image liv'd in every kindred breaſt.
Thynne, Carteret, Blackmore, Orrery approv'd,
And Prior prais'd, and noble Hertford lov'd;
Seraphic Kenn and tuneful Watts were thine,
And virtue's nobleſt champions fill'd the line.

Miſs Aikin, of Warrington. See her "poems", lately publiſhed, p. 103.

† In Somerſetſhire.

‡ On the death of the hon. Mrs. Thynne, mother to

conſent) the charming "poem" it occaſioned. My lord Orrery's approbation would be my vanity and boaſt, if I could but perſuade myſelf I deſerved it. The poem of Mr. Rowe's "on liberty" was never finiſhed *; but any of the trifles that I have written, you may command whenever you pleaſe. I have a copy of Mrs. Madan's "elegy on Mr. Hughes," † and have read it a thouſand times over with admiration and delight: never was a character painted with greater elegance and juſtice. I have often heard Mr. Rowe mention Mr. Hughes with eſteem and diſtinction, and think myſelf happy that you have given me an opportunity to expreſs the regard I have to the memory of a man of his merit. I promiſe myſelf an agree-

to the counteſs of Hertford. See that and lord Orrery's in Mrs. Rowe's "works," vol. i, pp. 164 and 166.

* It was publiſhed in Mrs. Rowe's "works," vol. ii, p. 325.

† See it prefixed to Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. lxv.

able entertainment from his "works," . . . . . and am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER CVI.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR, Newington near Edinburgh, Jan. 14, 1734-5.

I HAVE with great pleaſure received your letter of the 31ſt ult. as it brings me an account of the good reception your play * has met with. . . . . The epilogue pleaſes me ſo much, and my eldeſt daughter, Anne, to whom, I imagine, you give the name I formerly gave to her mother †, that it has raiſed the curioſity of both of

* "Lucius Junius Brutus."

† See letter xxv, vol. 1.

us

us to ſee the play, which, we fancy, will be perfectly in our taſte, from the general idea of it we conceive from the epilogue.

I have not yet anſwered Mr. Strahan's * letter, but ſhall now give it you. All the copies of verſes I had of Mr. Hughes's, which I brought down to Scotland with me, were taken from me by ſome one or other of my friends, which I the more eaſily yielded to, at that time, as I had them all by heart, ſo much they pleaſed me. I have been recollecting them in my memory, ſince I received Mr. Strahan's letter, and find that I can only make out three of them. One had for title "Lucinda's "tea-table †," conſiſting of ſix ſtanzas of four lines each. The other "On the inge-"nious Molinda, who excells in whatever "ſhe pleaſes ‡. And the third conſiſted of ten lines, beginning thus:

* See letter xl, vol. i.

† See Mr. Hughes's "poems, vol. i, p. 96.

‡ See it (by another title) in Mr. Hughes's "po-"ems," vol. i, p. 110.

"While

" While circling healths inſpire your ſprightly wit,
" And on each glaſs ſome beauty's name is writ, &c.*

Theſe, I remember, he liked himſelf, and they carry, in the two laſt lines, a pretty thought of the power of love in favour of the one who has got the firſt poſſeſſion. . .
. . . . . .

A thought occurred to me, when I was reflecting upon Mr. Hughes's pretty manner of writing proſe. I have ſeen pieces of his (poetry indeed) but written in proſe, which were charming. Now might it not be fit to give in your preface ſome idea of your author's talents, in proſe as well as verſe, by inſerting a ſhort ſpecimen of ſome piece of his, of that ſort, which would ſhew him to advantage, and, at the ſame time, pleaſe and entertain the reader? There is one piece of this kind, which would anſwer my view exactly. It is a

* See it in the " appendix" to this work, it being omitted in the " poems."

picture

picture of diſtreſs in low life, which he ſent to the *Spectator*, and ſtands recorded there under the name of *Amanda* *, and is inferior to none of the kind, in my judgment. I remember, when that *Spectator* came out, as the paper was generally read at breakfaſt, it mixed tears with a great deal of the tea which was that morning drunk in London and Weſtminſter.

I am, with moſt ſincere friendſhip, and good wiſhes, dear Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

AL. BAYNE.

* See the "Spectator," vol. v, numb. 375.

LETTER

LETTER CVII.

From ROBERT KNIGHT, Eſq;*

SIR, Paris, $\frac{1}{12}$ March, 1734 5.

I HAVE received your letter, and upon reading it over this morning, I find it of ſo long a date as September laſt: this gives me pain, leſt you ſhould think, as you juſtly may, that I have been very much wanting in reſpect to you; but that is what I am not capable of, nor can any one be more ſenſible of your merit than I am.

The truth is, I put your letter in my coat-pocket (without opening) which I left off for the winter, and upon putting it on

* Caſhier of the South Sea company, in 1720, and father to the late earl of Catherlough. Mr. Knight received a pardon, and returned to England in 1742, though Swift, in a letter to Pope, dated Nov. 28, 1729, ſays, "It is certain he can never "expect any favour." He died in 1744.

this

this moment, I found it there. The poſt will ſet out in an hour, ſo I have only time to thank you for it. ..... I am very glad, and truly rejoice, that a ſiſter of my late dear friend Mr. Hughes is ſo happily married. I loved him very much, and his death grieved me the more, becauſe it happened near a time that I could and would have given him proofs of it*. .....

M. Fontenelle † and M. l'Abbé Bignon are both very well, and favour me with their company now and then at dinner. You ſay, that "you hope the former "paſſes through the laſt ſtage of life with "a gradual and painleſs decay;" and I can tell you, that he paſſes it ſo very chearfully amongſt his friends, and is ſo enter-

* Viz. at the beginning of the South-ſea year.

† Secretary to the French academy. This celebrated author died in 1756, when he was above an hundred years of age. Voltaire declares him to have been the moſt univerſal genius that the age of Lewis XIV produced, and compares him to lands ſituated in ſo happy a climate as to produce all ſorts of fruit.

taining, that one would think he did not yet feel any decay at all.

I will viſit him in a day or two, and let him know how kindly you aſk after him. Mrs. Knight * claims him as her gallant, and I know ſome others who contend for him too, ſo you may imagine he is not old. Very few are ſo at Paris; they paſs from youth to the grave very merrily.

I will aſk him about M. Boileau's "hiſ-"tory of Lewis XIV." The laſt I heard of it was, that it would be publiſhed ſoon, but I hear nothing yet of its being ſo †.

* Siſter to ſir Thomas Robinſon, bart. after Mr. Knight's death married to James Creſſet, eſq; (ſecretary to the late princeſs dowager of Wales) and ſince dead.

† M. Boileau was fixed upon by the king to write his hiſtory, in conjunction with M. Racine, in October 1677. This work, however, if written, has not been publiſhed. M. de Valincourt wrote thus to the Abbé Olivet on this ſubject: "Meſſ. Deſ-"preaux and Racine having for ſome time endea-"voured to write that hiſtory, they ſoon found that "ſuch

I ſcribble in great haſte, but am, with great reſpect,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

R. KNIGHT.

" ſuch a work did not at all ſuit their genius, and,
" beſides, they juſtly thought that the hiſtory of ſuch
" a prince as the late king was, filled with ſo great
" and extraordinary circumſtances, could not well
" be written till an hundred years after his death,
" except one would compoſe it only from inſipid
" extracts of the public news-papers, as ſome pitiful
" writers have done, who ventured to write that
" hiſtory."

Hiſt. de l'academie Françoiſe par d'Olivet,
p. 371. Paris edit.

LETTER CVIII.

From Mrs. PORTER.

SIR, Highwood-hill*, March 27, 1735.

SINCE the receipt of yours, I have been in daily expectation of a ſummons from Mr. Fleetwood, at which time, ere I returned, I purpoſed to have waited on you with my thanks for the favour of your tragedy, having had the pleaſure of ſeeing it the laſt time it was acted; and though I have no pretenſion to the compliment you make me, muſt own, I was very much entertained, and glad to ſee, once more, a good tragedy upon the ſtage, and ſo polite an audience; only ſorry it did not appear at a time when the town in general had a better reliſh for virtue and good ſenſe.

You do me a great deal of juſtice, in believing that I ſhall be extremely pleaſed

* Near Hendon, Middleſex.

with

with every, and even the leaſt, production of Mr. Hughes's *, and am glad his remains are fallen into the hands of ſo capable and worthy an editor; who, I am perſuaded, will perform that ſacred truſt with ſuch purity and zeal as will expreſs the gentleman and the friend.

I am, with much reſpect, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

M. PORTER †.

* Mrs. Porter acted the part of Eudocia in the "Siege of Damaſcus," at its firſt repreſentation in 1719.

† This excellent actreſs had been loſt to the ſtage ever ſince the year 1730, by the misfortune of a diſlocated limb from the overturning of a chaiſe.

LETTER

LETTER CIX.

From Mrs. ROWE.

SIR, Frome, April 8, [1735.]

THE tragedy you were ſo obliging to ſend me, has given me a very juſt and ſincere entertainment. The ſentiments are truly noble, and expreſſed with a becoming grandeur and elegance. The character of Lucia is perfectly amiable, and nothing can be more moving than the laſt ſcene between Titus and his father. Their parting touches every generous ſentiment in the human ſoul:

Open your arms to your relenting ſon,
Give him the comfort of one kind embrace,
Before he is remov'd for ever from you!
O ſay, at leaſt, that Brutus does not hate him.

Without any forced ornament, nature ſpeaks here with all its prevailing energy. . . . .

I am, Sir,
Your very humble ſervant,
ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER

LETTER CX.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR, [Twickenham, May 6, 1735.]

MANY thanks for your kind preſent, in which I find ſeveral pleaſing and very correct pieces of his [Mr. Hughes's] which were new to me. I beg you to accept of the new volume of my things juſt printed, which will be delivered you by Mr. Dodſley *, the author of the *Toyſhop*, who has juſt ſet up [as] a bookſeller, and I doubt not, as he has more ſenſe, ſo will have more honeſty, than moſt of that profeſſion.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

* Mr. Dodſley, much to his honour, was the artificer of his own fortune, having been ſervant to the hon. Mrs. Lowther, &c. While he was in ſervice, he publiſhed ſome poems, entitled, "The muſe in a "livery." He died at his friend Mr. Spence's at Durham in Sept. 1764, and was buried in that cathedral.

*LETTER CXI.

From the Rev. Dean HERRING *.

DEAR SIR, Blechingley †, May 12, 1735.

I HAVE received and thank you for the books ‡. I have dipped into them, and am ſatisfied, from a ſmall ſpecimen, that the world is obliged to you, and will thank you for your pains in collecting them. I have made the leſs progreſs for being moſt agreeably detained in the three fine poems to the honour of the houſe of Naſſau. The "Court of Neptune" § is one of the moſt beautiful ſea-pieces that I ever beheld; and I am ſatisfied, if a judicious pencil were to

* See letter lxxxv, vol. i, note.

† Dr. Herring was preſented to this living by ſir William Clayton, baronet, in 1731, as he was, a few months after, to the deanry of Rocheſter, by the king.

‡ Mr. Hughes's "poems."

§ See letter v, vol. i, p. 22.

ſtrike

ſtrike off the ideas of the poet on canvas, the picture would be invaluable. The "guar-" dian-ſhield" is wonderfully poetical and inſtructive. Never ſurely were the actions of any hero more agreeably related than thoſe of king William in that fine deſcription (exactly conſonant to hiſtory) which we find in the ode entitled "the Houſe of "Naſſau" *. In a word, I am extremely delighted, and read Mr. Hughes's poems in a ſort of tranſport.

I would fain think as well of Mr. Pope's probity as I do of his ingenuity: but his compliments to Bolingbroke upon topics of behaviour in which he is notoriouſly infamous, ſo ſhock me, that they quite diſconcert my good opinion of him. I have bought his works, however, in the pompous edition, and read them with peculiar pleaſure. The brightneſs of his wit, his

* A pindaric ode (firſt printed in 1702) occaſioned by the death of king William. In the laſt ſtanzas of it, Mr. Hughes proved a true prophet of the glories that attended the reign of queen Anne.

elegant turns, his raiſed ſentiments in many places, and the muſical cadence of his poetry, charm me prodigiouſly.

I am, Sir,

Your very obliged friend and ſervant,

THO. HERRING.

LETTER CXII.

From Dr. WATTS.

SIR, Newington, May 23, 1735.

YOUR letter, and the preſent of Mr. Hughes's "works," were joyfully received by me the next day after I ſaw you..... Methinks I ſee the very man, my old acquaintance, there, with his temper and ſoftneſs, his wit and ſprightly genius, ſpreading almoſt over every page. 'Twas well Telemachus took Mentor with him, when he ventured into Calypſo's iſland, painted by

by ſuch a pencil, while the goddeſs was dreſſed by ſuch a poet, and ſhe and her nymph Eucharis had airs and ſonnets given them by ſuch a maſter in muſic. But my ſorrow freſhens and renews upon my heart, that ſuch a genius did not live to write more moral and divine odes in advanced years, to be a counterpoiſe to all the charms of pleaſure and youth and beauty which his younger poeſy indulged. Yet, it muſt be confeſſed, I can find nothing that is an offence to virtue and piety, ſo far as I have peruſed, which amounts to more than half. The Chriſtian ſcheme has glories and beauties in it, which have ſuperior power to touch the ſoul, beyond all the gods and heroes of the heathen heaven or elyſium. I ſhould have been much pleaſed to ſee ſo fine a pen employing its art on ſuch themes. Mr. Pope's *Meſſiah* always charms me. I ſpeak not now of Mr. Hughes's odes *on the Creator of the world*, the *Ecſtacy*, &c. becauſe I have read them long ago: theſe have ſo much dignity in them, that I wiſhed for more of the ſame kind. Pray tell me, Sir, when I

ſhall be ſo happy as to ſee you next, whether Sir R. Blackmore's preface to his "Alfred" does not convince you that a Chriſtian poet has happier advantages than a pagan? His "prefaces" are certainly better in their kind than his "poems," as ſeveral gentlemen of good taſte have acknowledged. And why ſhould not ſome great genius ſeize thoſe advantages, and leave old Homer no longer right to the ſupreme laurel?

But I forget myſelf and my years; though when I am upon ſuch a ſubject, *rejuveneſcit calamus renuentibus annis.*

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

I. WATTS.

LETTER

LETTER CXIII.

From Mrs. ROWE.

SIR, [Frome, July 2, 1735.]

I HAVE received and read Mr. Hughes's "poems" with great ſatisfaction, and own myſelf obliged to you for the entertainment thoſe elegant poems gave me.

I beg you to accept this picture of Mr. Hughes, which I copied as near as I could from the print *. Drawing is my favourite amuſement †, and if you find any reſemblance in this to the original, it will flatter the vanity of, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

* See letter lxxvi, vol. i, note.

† "Mrs. Rowe loved the pencil when ſhe had "hardly ſtrength and ſteadineſs of hand ſufficient to "guide it, and in her infancy (one may almoſt ven-

"ture

LETTER CXIV.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR, [Edinburgh, March, 1735-6.]

IT is ſome months ſince I ought to have written to you, in acknowledgment of the favour of your ſending my deceaſed friend's "works," and your own "play," which came to my hands in due time. .... I ought to be aſhamed for having ſo long delayed thanking you for two things, which have given me ſo much pleaſure and relief, at a time when I had not health enough to acknowledge even the favours of my friends, and but juſt activity and ſpirit

"ture to ſay ſo) would ſqueeze out the juices of "herbs to ſerve her inſtead of colours. Mr. Singer, "perceiving her fondneſs for this art, was at the "expence of a maſter to inſtruct her in it; and it "never ceaſed to be her amuſement at times, (and a "very innocent one it was,) till her death."

"Life of Mrs. Rowe, prefixed to her "works, p. v."

enough

enough to ſit down in an eaſy chair, and reliſh a few of the beauties of their writings for an hour, and then ſink into a profound ſleep. If you'll look at Horace's 8th epiſtle, 1ſt book, you may juſtly imagine my caſe to have been much the ſame. I have ſaid as much as to let you underſtand that I have been ſuffering, ever ſince I received your laſt obliging letter, under the diſpiriting ſymptoms of a nervous illneſs commonly called vapours, or lowneſs of ſpirits. This illneſs I had firſt brought upon myſelf by a life too ſedentary, and too hard ſtudy. In the year 1721, a profeſſion of the municipal law of Scotland, or what you would call its common law, was erected here; and upon the recommendation of our fifteen judges, the patrons of the univerſity of Edinburgh did me the honour to put me in the chair. So high a recommendation occaſioned my making it too much a point of honour to fill this chair with ſome reputation, eſpecially being the firſt of my profeſſion in this univerſity. I was in great health and vigour, while I was employed in compoſing

my

my ſyſtem of lectures, I ſtudied at the rate of fourteen hours a day for eight months ſucceſſively, and in the firſt years of my profeſſion wrote with my own hand above ſixteen hundred ſheets. I ſoon felt the bad effects of ſuch intenſe application of the mind, which, however, I thought were more owing to a circumſtance in my way and manner of ſitting and writing at a low table, by which the bowels were long in a ſtate of being compreſſed and put out of their natural ſituation, than to the conſtant application of thought; for I found very ſoon the ſeat of my diſtemper to be in the lower region. By great attention to my diet, which I kept very low, never taſting any liquor, but the pure element, for five years, I recovered my former ſtate of health, and preſerved it till this laſt ſummer, when the ſame illneſs made a fierce attack upon me again, and has kept me in a very ſad ſtate of inactivity and diſreliſh of all my ordinary amuſements, till the beginning of laſt month, and now I find myſelf in a way of recovery. By this time you will have excuſed my ſilence, which has been owing

to

to a cauſe independent of me, and inſuperable.

In anſwer to a part of your letter concerning Mr. Thomſon's "ſeaſons," if he has gathered any helps from any of our ancient poets, it muſt have been from ſome of the prologues of Gawin Douglas's "tranſlation of the Æneid," which has been much admired. He was one of our biſhops before the reformation, and famous for his learning and knowledge of the claſſics in particular *. But I don't find Mr.

* This prelate was a younger ſon of Archibald the ſixth earl of Angus, and was conſecrated biſhop of Dunkeld in 1515, after much oppoſition from the duke of Albany, then regent. Being afterwards obliged by the perſecutions of his enemies to retire to London, he died there of the plague in April 1522. His chief works are a "tranſlation [abovementioned] of Virgil's Æneis," the "Palice of honour, a poem," "Aureæ narrationes, comœdiæ aliquot ſacræ," and "De rebus Scoticis liber." His "Deſcriptions of May and of Winter," the firſt of which is the prologue prefixed to the xiith book of his "Æneis," have been very well moderniſed by Mr. Fawkes, who obſerves, in his preface, that

Thomſon has borrowed ſo much from that author as to give him the name, in any degree, of being a plagiary.

I am, with hearty wiſhes for your health and proſperity,

Your obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

AL. BAYNE. *

" Chaucer and Douglas may be looked upon as the " two bright ſtars that illumined England and Scot- " land, after a dark interval of dulneſs, a long night " of ignorance and ſuperſtition, and foretold the re- " turn of day, and the revival of learning."

* A few months after writing this letter, Mr. Bayne died, in his way from Edinburgh to Bath, a martyr to his ſtudies; and a melancholy addition to the caſes enumerated by Dr. Tiſſot, in his " Eſſay " on the diſeaſes incidental to literary and ſedentary " perſons," who, in particular, adviſes the ſtudent not to ſit, but to meditate and read either ſtanding or walking; " ſitting, (he ſays,) with the body " ſtooping, and the legs bent, is the moſt pernicious " of all poſtures, as it greatly hurts the lower ex- " tremities, and by obſtructing the ' viſcera' of the " abdomen, produces all the diſorders that ariſe from " indigeſtion."

LETTER

LETTER CXV.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, May 23, 1736.

. . . . I THANK you for the epilogue, which I like in all reſpects, but chiefly for the honeſt and moral ſentiments in it. I am never better pleaſed with myſelf, than when I find I am pleaſed with any thing that is affecting and good-natured. I agree to ſeveral of your criticiſms, but probably ſhall never have occaſion to make uſe of them, becauſe I believe another edition * will never be called for. Indeed I have heard nothing from the bookſellers about the thing, good or bad. I am glad, however, that the verſion pleaſed Meſſieurs Spence †, Browne ‡, Duncombe, Glover §,

* A tranſlation of the four firſt books of the Æneid.

† See letter xc, p. 12.

‡ Iſaac Hawkins Browne, eſq;

§ Author of Leonidas, &c.

Benſon *, and ſome more of the beſt judges in town. But I ſhould be mortified, ſhould

* One of the auditors of the impreſt, and ſurveyor of the buildings to king George I, the great Sir Chriſtopher Wren being diſplaced, at near ninety years of age, to make room for him. His majeſty, it is ſaid, was ſo fond of his company over a pipe, that for ſome hours he was prime-miniſter. This gentleman, who in a pamphlet of his writing, has treated Dryden's "tranſlation of Virgil" with great contempt, was yet charmed with that of Mr. Pitt, and found in it ſome beauties of which he was fond, to a degree of enthuſiaſm. For his being equally enamoured of Johnſton, the tranſlator of the Pſalms, and of Milton, Pope has placed him in the Dunciad:

"On two 'unequal' crutches propp'd he came,
"Milton's on this, on that one Johnſton's name."

Book iv, ver. 111. See alſo book iii, ver. 325.

To the honour of his humanity (an honour much ſuperior to that of taſte and learning) let it at the ſame time be remembered, that a work being publiſhed in 1736, entitled "The cure of Deiſm," with which Mr. auditor Benſon was highly pleaſed, hearing that the author, Mr. Eliſha Smith, had the misfortune to be confined in the Fleet-priſon for a debt of two hundred pounds, he not only ſent him a very handſome letter, but diſcharged the whole debt, fees, &c. and ſet Mr. Smith at liberty.

the

the bookſellers complain, as I am afraid they will. As I never wrote with a view to lucre for myſelf, ſo would I much leſs care to do it to the prejudice of others. If I may be allowed to judge in my own caſe, I think this laſt to be the beſt of my poetical performances; and, I believe, you will agree with me, that the three laſt books have fewer grammatical inaccuracies than the firſt book. I cannot tell what to ſay to your compliment, that "this ver-"ſion will be admired as long as the Eng-"liſh language laſts;" but I am highly obliged to you, for your partiality to me, ever ſince the "tranſlation of Vida."* I

* "The merits of Vida," ſays a judicious critic, "ſeem not to have been particularly attended to in "England, till Pope beſtowed this commendation "upon him in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, 'Immortal 'Vida,' &c. "The Poetics are perhaps the moſt "perfect of his compoſitions: they are excellently "tranſlated by Pitt. This poem has the praiſe of "being one of the firſt, if not the very firſt, pieces "of criticiſm, that appeared in Italy ſince the revival "of learning; for it was finiſhed in the year 1520."

Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope, p. 192--4.

believe

believe it was you who gave a public teſtimony to the merit of that performance, (if it has any) in the "Whitehall evening-"poſt," when it made its firſt appearance in the world, which, I ſuppoſe, did not a little contribute to its reputation and ſale; for ſix or ſeven hundred were ſoon diſpoſed of. I am anxious at preſent on both theſe accounts; firſt, in regard to myſelf; ſecondly, in regard to the bookſellers. If it fails on their part, I ſhall think there is ſome accurſed thing in the performance itſelf, that hinders its ſucceſs. I wiſh you would privately enquire, and ſend me a ſincere account how it ſells, and how it is approved of. If it is only---*Laudatur, et alget*,---it is pretty much the ſame thing, as to reputation, as if it was d-----'d. .....

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, Jan. 4, 1736-7.

. . . . I HAD ſome thoughts of attempting that "epiſtle to Auguſtus," in the modern way. But if Mr. Pope has done it, no doubt, it is done in perfection. I have done in that way lately four or five of the epiſtles, and one of the ſatires, which are much approved of by thoſe who have read them; which I may ſhew you on another occaſion.---But, as I ſay in one of the epiſtles,

What I write,
In theſe looſe ſheets, muſt never ſee the light;
Epiſtles, odes, and twenty trifles more;
Things, that are born, and die, in half an hour.

That invitation was written to Mr. Rolle, fellow of New-college, a friend of Spence and mine. Dr. Cobden begged it of me, to give a friend, ſo it was printed.

I am afraid I can ſcarce remember all my brother's verſes, but theſe are at yours and Mr. Highmore's ſervice.

To my brother, CHRISTOPHER PITT.

An EPISTLE.

On his having a fit of the gout.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our iſle,
"I kiſs your hand, ſir," is the modiſh ſtyle;
In humble manner, as my fate is low,
I beg to kiſs your venerable toe:
Not old infallibility's can have
Profounder reverence from its meaneſt ſlave.

What dignity attends the ſolemn gout,
What conſcious greatneſs, if the heart be ſtout!
Methinks I ſee you o'er the houſe preſide,
In painful majeſty and decent pride,
With leg toſſ'd high, on ſtately ſofa ſit,
More like a ſultan, than a modern wit;
Quick at your call the trembling ſlaves appear,
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though, (or authors fail)
At times, the anti-ſalic laws prevail

Now

Now Lord have mercy on poor Dick, ſay I;
" Where's the lac'd ſhoe?—Who laid the flannel by?"
Within, 'tis hurry, the houſe ſeems poſſeſt;
Without, the horſes wonder at their reſt.
What terrible diſmay, what ſcenes of care!
Why is the ſooty Mintrem's hopeful heir *
Before the morning-dawn compell'd to riſe,
And give attendance with his half-ſhut eyes?
What makes that girl with hideous viſage ſtare?
What fiends prevent Ead's † journey to the fair ‡?
Why all this noiſe, this buſtle, and this rout?
" Oh! nothing—but poor maſter has the gout."

Mean time, ſuperior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in ſoaring meditations flow,
In rapt'rous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his ſtrong beauties tell,
And, like Æneas, from your couch of ſtate,
In all the pomp of words diſplay the Trojan fate.

Can nothing your aſpiring thoughts reſtrain,
Or does the muſe ſuſpend the ſenſe of pain?
Awhile give o'er your rage; in ſickneſs prove
Like other mortals, if you'd pity move;

* Mr. Pitt's ſervant, the ſon of a blackſmith.

† Another ſervant of Mr. Pitt.

‡ Blandford fair, two miles from Pimpern.

Think not, your friends compaſſionate can be,
When ſuch the products of diſeaſe they ſee;
Your ſharpeſt pangs but add to our delight:
We'll wiſh you ſtill the gout, if ſtill you write.

I am, Sir,

Your friend and ſervant,

CHR. PITT.

LETTER CXVII.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, June 1, 1737.

THE papers * came ſafe to hand. I am glad you and yours like them ſo much, and am apt to think they are (ſome of them at leaſt) pretty well done. Perhaps I may attempt ſome more of them at my firſt leiſure, but they muſt be thoſe that Mr. Pope has not touched upon; for I

* Imitations of Horace.

ſhould

ſhould think it ſacrilege to touch upon any, where he has gone before. ....

Since I received yours, I have read "Leonidas" * for the firſt time, and believe it to be a very good thing, upon the whole; for I do not pretend to read it with a critical eye: good poetry is as much above, as bad poetry is beneath, criticiſm. His ſimiles are generally drawn from the grandeſt objects in human nature; which, you know, is pretty much after Milton's manner. ....

Will you let me know, by your next, if Mr. Spence's eſſay † (the ſecond edition)

* By Mr. Glover. It had been written ſome years, and yet the author was, at the time of its publication, only 24. The town was ſo divided in opinion about this poem at its firſt appearance, that ſome preferred it to Homer and Milton, while others placed it on a level with Quarles. To one who ſaid "it was better than Virgil," a gentleman replied extempore,

"Better than Virgil?" So, perhaps,
It may—but then it muſt be Trapp's.

† On Mr. Pope's tranſlation of the "Odyſſey."

is yet publiſhed; becauſe he wrote me word, before he went to Italy *, that he had given my verſes on that book into the printer's hand? That laſt line on Dr. Keill is even yet perſpicuous to me:

"He came, ſaw, vanquiſh'd, wept—"
[Becauſe there were no more worlds to conquer—]
"Return'd" [from his expedition, not from the grave]—"and died."

I am, Sir, affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

* Mr. Spence was then travelling with Charles earl of Middleſex, (afterwards duke of Dorſet) a pupil worthy of ſuch a tutor, as he inherited the genius, together with the titles, of his family. Witneſs his "Arno's Vale," written at Florence, on the extinction of the houſe of Medici, (an elegiac paſtoral worthy of the Auguſtan age,) his verſes to Mr. Pope, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, Aug. 21, 1737.

MR. Jabez Hughes's * "poems" I received, and like ſeveral of them very well; as alſo the young gentleman's verſes †.

. . . . .

I wrote the under invitation the other day to Mr. Dodington ‡:

* See vol. i, letter xlv, note.

† A tranſlation of the epigram on the oak, [ſee letter xc, p. 14.] by Mr. Theophilus Wheler, (eldeſt ſon of the late rev. Granville Wheler, of Otterden-place, in Kent.) This young gentleman died immaturely of the ſmall-pox, at Chriſt's-college, Cambridge, in the 19th year of his age, as did the author of the epigram, at the ſame age, and of the ſame diſtemper, at Merton-college, Oxford, in 1730.

‡ Created lord Melcombe in 1761. He died in 1762.

IF Dodington will condeſcend
To viſit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain diſhes here;
No coſtly welcome, but a kind,
He and his friends will always find;
A plain, but clean, and ſpacious room,
The maſter, and his heart, at home,
A cellar open, as his face,
A dinner ſhorter than his grace:
Your mutton comes from Pimpern-down,
Your fiſh (if any) from the town;
Our rogues indeed, of late, o'eraw'd
By human laws, not thoſe of GOD,
No veniſon ſteal, or none they bring,
Or ſend it all to maſter King *:
And yet, perhaps, ſome vent'rous ſpark
May bring it, now the nights are dark.
Punch I have ſtore, and beer beſide,
And port, that's ſound, though frenchify'd.
Then, if *you* come, I'm ſure to get,
From Eaſtb'ry †, a deſert—of wit.

One line, good ſir, to name the day,
And your petitioner will pray, &c.

* The Blandford carrier.

† Mr. Dodington's ſeat in Dorſetſhire.

. . . . In

. . . . . In the merry months of May and June I tranſlated two Æneids *; and ſince that have been on the ramble. Theſe three or four days laſt paſt I have ſat to it again in the mornings, which is the only ſeaſon I appoint for theſe religious exerciſes, or indeed that I can command; for I have ſo many engagements, that I am obliged to ſacrifice the other part of my time to another kind of genius than the poetical; to which laſt, by the bye, I think I have no pretenſions.

CHR. PITT.

* LETTER CXIX.

From the Rev. Dean HERRING.

DEAR SIR, Blechingley, Sept. 2 1737.

YOU are extremely kind in your congratulations on the king's favour to me †.

* The 7th and 8th books.

† Dr. Herring was juſt nominated to the biſhoprick of Bangor.

It

It is generally looked upon as a point of happineſs, and is, to be ſure, an honour: yet, to ſay the plain truth, I am in no ſort of raptures about it; nay indeed, am not without my apprehenſions, that I am making work for repentance, and that my friends may hear me repeating ere long, *Vitæ me redde priori!* I have thought much of the affair, and can form to myſelf no new felicities it can bring me, unleſs it be the opportunities it may poſſibly be attended with of living more among ſuch friends as you are, and, ſome time or other, doing them ſome good. If that ever be the caſe, I ſhall then think ſome amends is made me for the incumbrance of title and diſtinction, for quitting the ſweet calms of retirement, and venturing abroad into a troubled ocean.

I thank you for your quotation from Eraſmus. It is moſt excellent hereſy, and would really be deemed ſo in ſome proteſtant times and countries. The biſhop you mention *, Pope's correſpondent, would

* Atterbury.

have

have ſpurned at it in public, and perhaps, in his cloſet, fed upon the pleaſure it would give him. For if he was not worſe uſed than any honeſt man in the world ever was, there were ſtrong contradictions between his public and private character.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

THO. HERRING.

LETTER CXX.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, May 20, 1738.

I THANK you for the clear account of the new things. Comus * I have read, and

* As altered for the ſtage by the late Dr. Dalton, by dividing it into ſcenes and acts, and introducing ſome airs and choruſſes admirably compoſed by Dr. Arne. It has lately been curtailed, and revived at Covent Garden houſe.

like it much. Warburton * is juſt put into my hands, and, you may needs think, my curioſity was raiſed, at ſeeing a new light thrown on the ſixth Æneid †. How far it will hold, I am no judge; but the parallel, at leaſt, is plauſible and ingenious. ---I remember, the name of Ceres occurs but once in that book, among the ghoſts of departed warriors.---

Cererique ſacrum Polybœten ‡.

* "The Divine Legation of Moſes demonſtrated."

† See "The Divine Legation," book ii, ſect. 4. The deſcent of Virgil's hero into the infernal regions, I preſume, was no other than a figurative deſcription of an "initiation" [into the "myſteries,"] and particularly a very exact picture of the "ſpectacles" in the "Eleuſinian myſteries;" where every thing was done in ſhew and machinery; and where a repreſentation of the hiſtory of Ceres afforded an opportunity of bringing in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, elyſium, purgatory, and whatever related to the future ſtate of men and heroes.

"Divine legation, p. 270, fifth edition."

‡ Purgatory, the firſt diviſion [of the infernal regions] is inhabited by ſuicides, extravagant lovers, and

. . . . . I take the Templars to be the managers of the houſe; whatever Cibber or Rich pretend to the contrary.---I wrote two or three trifles lately. . . . . Dr. Coney, of Wells, wrote an ill-natured paper of verſes againſt my friend Hare's Horace; and at the end falls on Stephen Duck; thus anſwered:

and ambitious warriors: and, in a word, by all thoſe who had indulged the violence of their paſſions, which made them rather wretched than wicked: It is remarkable that amongſt theſe we find one of the "initiated!"

Cererique ſacrum Polybœten.

This was agreeable to the public doctrine of the "myſteries," which taught that initiation with virtue procured men great advantages over others in a future ſtate; but that, without virtue, it was of no avail. Ibid. p. 316.

The COUNTER-HUNT;

OR,

A REPLY to Dr. CONEY's VERSES againſt Meſſrs. HARE and DUCK.

SURE 'tis enough to make one ſtare,
To ſee a *Coney* hunt a *Hare*;
And when in that he fails of luck,
To leave the *Hare*, and hunt the *Duck*.
Doctor, you yet may loſe the day,
At once the chaſer and the prey;
The *Hare* and *Duck* may turn upon ye,
And, at long run, hunt down the *Coney*.

Theſe laſt books of the Æneid are terribly long, as long again as moſt of the books of the Iliad or Odyſſey. But what ſaid Cæſar?

Nil actum eſſe puta, ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum.

In ſhort, after a long fit of lazineſs, with ſome illneſs, for theſe laſt ſix or ſeven weeks, I have ſat to it for a large part of a good number of mornings; and then I get

get on horſeback, or in my chaiſe, and in both ſenſes leave the world behind me;

-------- *Campoque potitus aperto,*
Flectit equum, curruque volans dat lora ſecundo.

Yours affectionately,

CHR. PITT.

P. S.

In tenui luſus.

Written in the folds of a PIN-PAPER.

OF old a hundred Cyclops ſtrove
To forge the thunder-bolt for Jove;
I too employ a hundred hands,
And travel through as many lands.
A head I have, though very ſmall,
But then I have no brains at all.
The miſer locks me up with care,
Cloſe as his money, all the year.
When John and Joan are both at ſtrife,
'Tis I find money for the wife.
At court I make the ladies ſhine,
I grace ev'n gracious Caroline:

And

And though I often take my way
Through town and country, land and ſea,
I'm neither fiſh, nor fleſh, nor herring,
And now I live with goody Verring *.

LETTER CXXI.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, June 3, 1738.

I WAITED a poſt, before I would anſwer your letter, for I was willing to ſend you a piece of news, that Æneas will certainly carry the lady, and that Turnus is laid fairly on his back. I have rode, for two months paſt, on a violent ſtretch to reach the goal; which I did yeſterday morning †. I propoſe a good deal of pleaſure in correcting this long work; and hope, that, in time, my friends will not be aſhamed of it, though I know, that, in many

* A ſeller of pins at Blandford.

† The whole of this tranſlation was firſt publiſhed (in two volumes quarto) in 1740.

reſpects,

reſpects, Mr. Dryden's verſion * muſt have the advantage; and yet I ſaw lately my name and verſion very candidly uſed by the Journaliſts in their diſputes, when they made very free with my betters. Biſhop Secker told me, three years ago, about Mr. Martin's Georgic †. I have read ſome of Balguy's tracts, and he is a favourite author with me. Mr. Hare publiſhed a very good "verſion of Horace's odes and "epodes," by a crown ſubſcription. He is ſchool-maſter of Blandford, juſt by. I believe, in all my verſion, there are not above ſeven or eight borrowed lines. I could not help taking two together from Mr. Dryden in this paragraph; they are ſo very ſweet:---

"All, all my life," replies the youth, "ſhall aim,
"Like this one hour, at everlaſting fame.
"Though fortune only our attempt can bleſs,
"Yet ſtill my courage ſhall deſerve ſucceſs.
"But one reward I aſk, before I go,
"The greateſt I can aſk, or you beſtow:

* In another letter Mr. Pitt ſtyles Mr. Dryden's "a glorious tranſlation."

† A proſe tranſlation, with notes, firſt publiſhed in 1741.

"Of

" *Of Priam's royal race my mother came,*
" *And ſure the beſt, that ever bore the name.*
" Such was her love, ſhe left her native Troy,
" And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
" And ſuch is mine, that I muſt keep unknown
" From her, the danger of ſo near a ſon.
" To ſpare her anguiſh, lo! I quit the place
" Without one parting kiſs, one laſt embrace!
" By night, and that reſpected hand, I ſwear,
" Her tender tears are more than I can bear!
" For her, good prince, your pity I implore,
" Support her, childleſs, and relieve her, poor:
" Oh! let her, let her find (when I am gone,)
" In you a friend, a guardian, and a ſon!
" With that dear hope, embolden'd ſhall I go,
" Brave every danger, and defy the foe."

Æn. ix, ver. 377, &c.

You have often mentioned this epiſode, which makes me ſend you a ſingle paragraph, which is not the worſt, you may be ſure *.

I can only add, that I have not ſeen Horace, ſince I ſaw you, and that

I am affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

* The tranſlator had certainly reaſon to be proud of theſe lines, it being ſcarce poſſible to find them excelled

LETTER CXXII.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, June 24, 1738.

. . . . I THANK you for your accurate obſervations on Dryden's Eclogues; and ſhould be glad to ſee more. Not that I have the leaſt thought, myſelf, of turning them *. Mr. Dryden never ſaw lord Lau-

excelled in any verſion. Dryden's of the ſame paſſage, "ſweet" as are the two above-mentioned, are much inferior to them. Inſtead of that couplet, we find, in the printed edition, the following, viz.

"My mother, tender, pious, fond and good,
"Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood."

Which deſerves the preference, let the reader judge.

* The Eclogues and Georgics have ſince been very accurately tranſlated by another Wexkhamite, the preſent maſter of Wincheſter-ſchool, and are now prefixed to Mr. Pitt's Æneid. Dr. Warton has added ſome very judicious notes, and ſeveral new obſervations, by other hands, have alſo been annexed.

derdale's tranſlation of them, or the Georgics. He only ſaw the Æneid, and borrowed ſome lines here and there *. I believe Mr. Dryden is right in that paſſage,

------ *Sorti pater æquus utrique eſt* †,

notwithſtanding

Cuperem, ipſe parens ſpectator adeſſet ‡,

* See Dryden's dedication of his Virgil to the marqueſs of Normanby, p. 295.

The earl of Lauderdale, in the reign of Charles II, fled into France, having loſt his places for correſponding with the earl of Argyle, who was attainted. He there tranſlated the Æneid, and ſent his tranſlation over to Dryden.

† " Jove is impartial, and to both the ſame."
Æn. x, 450.

Ruæus refers both " pater" and " parens" to Evander, the father of Pallas. And ſo does Dr. Warton, in his notes, where he tranſlates it, " My " father ſtands prepar'd"; though Mr. Pitt (like Dryden) has tranſlated " pater" by " almighty " Jove," and " parens" by " his ſire."

‡ Oh! were " his father" here my juſt revenge to view!
x. 443.

goes

goes before it. Pollio, as you ſay, is done very nobly; I always thought ſo, when I read it at ſchool. Will not Dryden's arguments, which were written by Mr. Addiſon, ſerve for another verſion *?

I did write an idle thing, on lord Stanhope †, the work of a day or two, which I have forgot, as I hope every body elſe has. The lines, I believe, ſome at leaſt, were round and ſtrong; but, upon the whole, I own it was a raſh incorrect thing. I knew indeed very little of the ſubject; but as he married a relation ‡, I fell to ſcribbling without fear or wit, to ſhew my reſpect. I am juſt going to read over Ogleby's Virgil §, which is lately put into my hands, remembering Vida's practice,

* Mr. Pitt has, in great meaſure, adopted them.

† James earl of Stanhope, conqueror of Minorca, and father of the preſent earl.

‡ Lucy, daughter of Thomas Pitt, of Stratford in Wilts, eſq;

§ In like manner, Ogleby's Homer, notwithſtanding the deadneſs and inſipidity of the verſification,

Nor would I ſcruple, with a due regard,
To read ſometimes a rude, unpoliſh'd bard,
Among whoſe labours, I may find a line,
Which from unſightly ruſt I may refine,
And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine.

You know the ſtory of my maſter's reading Ennius *.

I am, Sir, affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

tion, arreſted Mr. Pope's attention, by the force of the ſtory, when he was but eight years old, and the raptures this tranſlation, and Sandys's Ovid, gave him, were ſo ſtrong, that he ſpoke of them with pleaſure to the period of his life.

* "To pick gold out of his droſs."

LETTER

LETTER CXXIII.

Counteſs of POMFRET * to the Counteſs of HERTFORD †.

Monts, Sept. $\frac{2}{13}$ 1738.

AS every one is willing to believe the thing they wiſh, ſo I cannot but hope, that

* Daughter and ſole heireſs to John lord Jeffreys, and mother of the preſent earl of Pomfret. Her ladyſhip's noble donation to the univerſity of Oxford, in 1755, of that part of the Arundel collection which was purchaſed by ſir William Fermor, has juſtly endeared her to all lovers of the polite arts. She died in 1761.

It is remarkable that this lady met with very rude inſults from the populace, on the weſtern road, only becauſe ſhe was grand-daughter to the inhuman lord chancellor Jeffreys.

See Granger's "Biog. Hiſtory," vol. ii, pt. 2, p. 533.

† This lady, as eminent for her virtues as her rank, the friend of Mrs. Rowe, and afterwards dutcheſs of Somerſet, died in 1754. She was eldeſt daughter

letter muſt be written with more than common kindneſs, which, directed to my houſe in Hanover-ſquare, has followed me not only to France, but through every place in it that I have ſtopped at. I am much obliged to you, madam, for giving yourſelf that trouble with lord Lempſter's * letter to his brother †. I am very glad the gentleman is ſo good as to keep it; for he will ſoon be, if he is not already, returned to Port-mahon, and ſhould be ſorry he miſſed the receiving it.

Your ladyſhip's obliging command of writing to you, I with great pleaſure obey, but am aſhamed to think how little entertainment I can ſend you from a country that is eſteemed an inexhauſtible fund of amuſements to all the polite world that

daughter of the hon. Henry Thynne, (only ſon of Thomas lord viſcount Weymouth) and mother of the preſent dutcheſs of Northumberland.

* Now earl of Pomfret.

† The hon. William Fermor, a captain in the royal navy. He died in 1749.

ſees

ſees it: neither am I inſenſible to all its charms; a clear air, a beautiful and well-cultivated ſoil, with a civil and diverting people. Yet all this is nothing but what Gordon's grammar can tell you better than I. What then? Am I to deſcribe palaces, parks, and gardens, which (beſides that you have heard a thouſand times already) I ran over in ſuch haſte, I ſcarce know where I ſaw this apartment, that grove, or t'other caſcade? The ſum of all of them is this: Lewis XIV for ever had Pharamond* in his view; love, arms, and arts were the characters in which he ſtrove to tranſmit his name to poſterity. But, like the Egyptian monarch, he is deceived: a little time has worn thoſe pompous forms away, and vanity appears the only architect. This Lewis takes a different turn, and if he gave the leaſt occaſion to ſuſpect his reading, I ſhould believe he fetched his pattern from the Italian Paſtor Fido, and that Silvius was the man. Thus much for kings.

* Firſt king of the Franks, and founder of the French. He died about the year 427, after reigning eight or nine years.

And

And now to ſhew you how little elſe I can ſay, I will inform you of my ſituation and manner of life. The firſt is in a ſmall, but very pretty, village, with two or three gentlemens families in it. My houſe is old, but convenient, with as large a garden as I deſire. My dreſſing-room looks down on the river Seine, which runs through a various and delightful country. For the ſecond, I riſe early, work a little, read more, and walk very much; this being the vintage, adds greatly to the pleaſure of the laſt. As I do not talk French, I cannot converſe ſo freely as I would with my neighbours, and, I fear, I am too old to learn. But were it otherwiſe, I have, for this laſt fortnight, been ſo uneaſy for Sophy *, who has had an intermitting fever, that I could think of nothing elſe till ſhe was better; which, I thank GOD, ſhe is at preſent.

* Lady Sophia Fermor, married in 1744 to the late earl of Granville, by whom ſhe had one daughter, the late counteſs of Shelburne.

I heartily hope this may find your ladyſhip, lord Hertford *, lord Beauchamp †, and lady Betty ‡ in all the happineſs you merit, and your friends wiſh; in which number permit me to place, dear madam,

Your ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HENRIETTA LOUISA POMFRET.

* Algernon, earl of Hertford, only ſon of Charles duke of Somerſet, whom he ſucceeded in his titles in 1748, and died in 1749.

† Only ſon of the earl of Hertford. See letter cxxx.

‡ The preſent dutcheſs of Northumberland.

LETTER CXXIV.

Counteſs of POMFRET to the Counteſs of HERTFORD.

Monts, Oct. $\frac{6}{17}$ 1738.

SINCE you have ſo kind a wiſh for me, dear madam, as that of coming to my dreſſing-room, I will indulge the agreeable thought that it is effected; and though I do not know how to believe you here, I will imagine I have placed you in my great chair, where, on your left hand, is the fire, (no bad thing, this weather) and, on your right, a window, from which you ſee the river, bordered on each ſide with meadows, vineyards, corn-fields, villages, and chateaux. I congratulate my own happineſs in your arrival. I recount to you my journey, the things I have ſeen, and the things I was forced to leave unſeen, by the hurry we were in. And as, I believe, you may have heard leſs of St. Germain's than of

ſome

ſome other palaces, I enlarge moſt upon that. I tell you it was built by that polite hero and gallant prince, Francis I *. In compliment to his miſtreſs, whoſe name was Diana, it is erected in the form of a Gothic D, with five towers, and is ſix ſtories high; the three firſt are ſtone, the three higheſt brick, and there is an open gallery which runs round the middle on the outſide with iron rails; within, is a court that coaches, to the degree of a duke, have privilege of entering, and the whole caſtle is encompaſſed with a large dry ditch; over which are draw-bridges. The emblem of this king was a ſalamander in flames, which is placed alternately with a crowned F round the turrets, as alſo carried over the gate-way. The apartments within are noble, and the convenience for

* This prince (who died in 1547) built many of the royal palaces in France, and adorned them all with pictures, ſtatues, tapeſtry, and all kinds of choice and coſtly furniture, and is ſaid never to have been equalled in generoſity, ſweetneſs of temper, and magnificence.

the ſervants, very great. The gardens are not large, but there is, perhaps, the fineſt terras in the world on the ſide of the foreſt, two thouſand ſeven hundred yards long, and fifty broad, from which you have a view of the Seine and a moſt beautiful country. The foreſt itſelf is of vaſt extent, and finely wooded, cut into walks and ſtars; and is by nature as much fitted for walking as any garden in England is by art. In this palace the ſucceeding kings of France generally lived, till Lewis XIV (who was born here) built Verſailles, much more extenſive, leſs noble, and reſigned this to king James II, ſince the death of whoſe widow the royal lodgings have been unfurniſhed, and it is now of much the ſame uſe that Somerſet-houſe is in London. There are ſtill ſome remains of that abdicated court: amongſt others is lady Middleton, ſiſter to lady Weſtmoreland, and two years older than herſelf, in perfect poſſeſſion of her health and ſenſes. She followed her huſband * out of England,

* The earl of Middleton, ſecretary of ſtate to king James II.

was

was lady of the bed-chamber to queen Mary, and governeſs to the princeſs Louiſa, whoſe picture I ſaw, and, if I had not ſeen it there, ſhould have taken it for our princeſs Caroline. This poor lady, while I was at St. Germain's, loſt her youngeſt ſon, whoſe ſtory has ſomething ſo particular, that (as I can anſwer both for the truth and knowledge of the perſons who told it me) believing it may entertain you, I will relate it.

He was born about the time of the revolution, and chriſtened Charles. As ſoon as his mother was able to travel (as I ſaid before) ſhe followed her huſband, taking this boy along with her; whoſe beauty, when he grew up, was only equalled by the wit, politeneſs, and a thouſand other perfections that he poſſeſſed, and that made him the admiration and delight of all his acquaintance. When he was old enough, he entered into the army, where his behaviour was anſwerable to all his other merits. One winter that his regiment was quartered in Normandy, he lodged in the houſe of

an

an officer, who had an only daughter, young, pretty, and ingenious. You will eaſily gueſs, the event of this acquaintance was firſt a liking, and then a love; and that ſo violent and open on his ſide, that the father thought fit to interpoſe, and tell him, with all the reſpect due from an inferior, and all the warmth of an alarmed parent, that "he knew his daughter un-"deſerving of the honour of being his "wife, but alſo thought her above being "his miſtreſs." On this, he was obliged to quit the houſe, but could not quit his paſſion; and finding equal return from the young lady, he, to aſſure her of his faith, and himſelf of hers, gave and received a contract. As this affair could not paſs in ſilence, lord Clare (who was his colonel) and others of his relations, ſent word of it to lady Middleton, who immediately ordered him to return home; where ſhe made uſe of ſo many arguments, threats, and perſuaſions, (amongſt others, that he would ruin the young woman he loved, as well himſelf) that, after contending with them for two or three years, he yielded to write a letter, in which he ſaid, that "he be-

"lieved

" lieved it would be happier for her to " think no more of a man whoſe friends " were determined never to receive her; " and that he might not be a hindrance to " her fortune elſewhere, he returned her " promiſe, and deſired his." The lady ſent it directly, aſſuring him ſhe had never taken it with an intention to injure him, whoſe happineſs ſhe preferred to her own, and heartily wiſhed it him in ſome more worthy choice; but did not long outlive her generoſity, and his change, falling into a conſumption, and dying within the year. The news of which made ſuch an impreſſion on Mr. Middleton, that, from the moſt lively, he became the moſt melancholy, of men; and, though he lived ſome years after, he never enjoyed life, for the laſt three months of which he ſecluded himſelf from all company, and died of a fever that had no appearance of being mortal.

You ſee, dear madam, by the length of my diſcourſe, I do not mean to part ſoon with you, whenever you come, for I find myſelf on the laſt ſide of my paper, and have

have not aſked you one of thoſe many things I want to know. The actions, the words, the deſigns of our acquaintances muſt be agreeable to hear of, if you relate them; for even the duke of Marlborough's purchaſe, in lady Hertford's letter, is worth the money. Write me word then, dear madam, what is doing where we do no more, but, ſafe in harbour, ſee the main covered with floating veſſels, ſome ſailing with auſpicious gales, ſome ſtruggling with adverſe winds, ſome cruiſing, ſome ſinking. I am not out of humour with the world, though retired from it, and therefore ſhould take as much pleaſure in hearing how it goes, as in ſeeing a new play; where, though I am no actor, I am as attentive to the opening, progreſs, and cataſtrophe of the plot. I believe, you will more than once wiſh, (if you have the patience to read this out) that I had thought of concluding ſooner; but ſince I have gone ſo far, I muſt detain you ſo much longer as to ſay, I am, dear madam,

Your ladyſhip's moſt faithful,
and moſt obedient humble ſervant,
HENRIETTA LOUISA POMFRET.

LETTER

LETTER CXXV.

Biſhop HERRING * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Rocheſter †, Nov. 3, 1738.

I THANK you moſt affectionately for your obliging enquiry after me, and I bleſs GOD, have the ſatisfaction to inform you that I am very well, after the moſt agreeable journey I ever had in my life. We travelled ſlowly and commodiouſly, and found Wales a country altogether as entertaining as it was new. The face of it is grand, and beſpeaks the magnificence of nature; and ſo enlarged my mind, in the ſame manner as the ſtupendouſneſs of the

* "Theſe letters," ſay the Monthly Reviewers, "are in themſelves very entertaining, and are moreover a curioſity, as coming from the pen of a prelate, who was not only one of the worthieſt, but one of the politeſt men of the age in which he lived." Vol. xlviii. p. 32.

† His lordſhip held this deanry in commendam with his biſhopric.

ocean does, that it was ſome time before I could be reconciled again to the level countries: their beauties were all in the little taſte; and, I am afraid, if I had ſeen Stow in my way home, I ſhould have thrown out ſome very unmannerly reflections upon it. I ſhould have ſmiled at the little niceties of art, and beheld with contempt an artificial ruin, after I had been agreeably terrified with ſomething like the rubbiſh of a creation. Not but that Wales has its little beauties too, in delightful ſtreams and fine valleys; but the things which entertained me were the vaſt ocean, and ranges of rocks, whoſe foundations are hid, and whoſe tops reach the clouds. I know ſomething of your caſt of mind, I believe, and I will therefore take the liberty to give you an account of an airing one fine evening, which I ſhall never forget. I went out in the cool of the day, and rode near four miles upon the ſmooth ſhore, with an extended view of the ocean, whoſe waves broke at our feet in gentle murmurs: from thence we turned into a

little village, with a neat church and houſes, which ſtood juſt at the entrance of a deep valley: the rocks roſe high, and near, at each hand of us, but were, on one ſide, covered with a fine turf full of ſheep and goats and grazing herds, and, on the other, varied with patches of yellow corn and ſpots of wood, and here and there a great piece of a bare rock projecting. At our feet ran a ſtream clear as chryſtal, but large and foaming, over vaſt ſtones rudely thrown together, of unequal magnitudes, and over it a wooden bridge, which could ſcarce be ſaid to be made by the hands of art; and as it was evening, the hinds appeared, in many parts of the ſcene, returning home, with pails upon their heads. I proceeded in this agreeable place till our proſpect was cloſed, though much illuminated, by a prodigious cataract from a mountain, that did, as it were, ſhut the valley. All theſe images together put me much in mind of Pouſſin's drawings, and made me fancy myſelf in Savoy at leaſt, if not nearer Rome. Indeed both the

journey, and the country, and the reſidence were moſt pleaſing to me. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and aſſured friend,

THO. BANGOR.

LETTER CXXVI.

Biſhop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Kenſington, Sept. 11, 1739.

. . . . I MET your letter here on my return from Wales. I bleſs GOD for it, I am come home quite well, after a very romantic, and, upon looking back, I think it a moſt perilous journey. It was the year of my primary viſitation, and I determined to ſee every part of my dioceſe; to which purpoſe, I mounted my horſe, and rode intrepidly, but ſlowly, through North Wales

Wales to Shrewſbury. I am a little afraid, if I ſhould be particular in my deſcription, you would think I am playing the traveller upon you; but indeed I will ſtick religiouſly to truth; and becauſe a little journal of my expedition may be ſome minutes amuſement, I will take the liberty to give it you. I remember, on my laſt year's picture of North Wales, you complimented me with ſomewhat of a poetical fancy: that, I am confident, you will not now; for a man may as well expect poetical fire at Copenhagen, as amidſt the dreary rocks of Merionethſhire *. You find, by this intimation, that my landſcapes are like to be ſomething different rrom what they were before, for I talk ſomewhat in the ſtyle of Othello,

—— "Of antres vaſt, and deſerts idle,
"Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads
"touch heaven."

* To this his lordſhip's letter is one exception, and Ambroſe Philips's poem "from Copenhagen," publiſhed in the "Tatler," is another.

I ſet out upon this adventurous journey on a Monday morning, accompanied (as biſhops uſually are) by my chancellor, my chaplain, ſecretary, two or three friends, and our ſervants. The firſt part of our road lay croſs the foot of a long ridge of rocks, and was over a dreary moraſs, with here and there a ſmall dark cottage, a few ſheep, and more goats, in view, but not a bird to be ſeen, ſave, now and then, a ſolitary hern watching for frogs. At the end of four of their miles we got to a ſmall village, where the view of things mended a little, and the road and the time were beguiled by travelling for three miles along the ſide of a fine lake, full of fiſh, and tranſparent as glaſs. That pleaſure over, our work became very arduous, for we were to mount a rock, and, in many places of the road, over natural ſtairs of ſtone. I ſubmitted to this, which, they told me, was but a taſte of the country, and to prepare me for worſe things to come. However, worſe things did not

come

come that morning, for we dined, ſoon after, out of our own wallet, and though our inn ſtood in a place of moſt frightful ſolitude, and the beſt formed for the habitation of monks (who once poſſeſſed it) in the world, yet we made a chearful meal. The novelty of the thing gave me ſpirits, and the air gave me appetite much keener than the knife I ate with. We had our muſic too, for there came in a harper, who ſoon drew about us a groupe of figures that Hogarth would give any price for. The harper was in his true place and attitude; a man and woman ſtood before him, ſinging to his inſtrument wildly, but not diſagreeably; a little dirty child was playing with the bottom of the harp; a woman, in a ſick night-cap, hanging over the ſtairs; a boy with crutches, fixed in a ſtaring attention; and a girl carding wool in the chimney, and rocking a cradle with her naked feet, interrupted in her buſineſs by the charms of the muſic; all ragged and dirty, and all ſilently attentive. Theſe figures gave us a moſt entertaining picture,

and

and would pleaſe you, or any man of obſervation: and one reflection gave me particular comfort, That the aſſembly before us demonſtrated, that, even here, the influential ſun warmed poor mortals, and inſpired them with love and muſic. When we had diſpatched our meal, and had taken a view of an old church, very large for that country, we remounted; and my guide pointed to a narrow paſs between two rocks, through which, he ſaid, our road lay. It did ſo; and in a little time we came at it. The inhabitants call it, in their language, "The road of kindneſs." It was made by the Romans for their paſſage to Carnarvon. It is juſt broad enough for an horſe, paved with large flat ſtones, and is not level, but riſes and falls with the rock, at whoſe foot it lies. It is half a mile long. On the right hand, a vaſt rock hangs almoſt over you; on the left, cloſe to the path, is a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls an impetuous torrent, bounded, on the other ſide, not by a ſhore, but by a rock, as bare, not ſo

ſmooth,

ſmooth, as a whetſtone, which riſes half a mile in perpendicular height. Here we all diſmounted, not only from reaſons to juſt fear, but that I might be at leiſure of contemplate in pleaſure, mixed with horror, this ſtupendous mark of the Creator's power. Having paſſed over a noble bridge of ſtone, we found ourſelves upon a fine ſand, then left by the ſea, which here indents upon the country, and arrived in the evening, paſſing over more rough country, at our deſtined inn. The accommodations there were better than expected, for we had good beds and a friendly hoſteſs, and I ſlept well, though, by the number of beds in the room, I could have fancied myſelf in an hoſpital. The next morning I confirmed at the church, and after dinner ſet out for the metropolis of the country, called Dolgelle. There I ſtaid and did buſineſs the next day, and the ſcene was much mended. The country I had hitherto paſſed through was like one not made by the FATHER of the creation, but in the wrath of power; but here were inhabitants, a town and church, a river, and fine mea-

dows. However, on the Thurſday, I had one more iron mountain of two miles to paſs, and then was entertained with the green hills of Montgomeryſhire, high indeed, but turfed up to the top, and productive of the fineſt ſheep; and from this time the country and the proſpects gradually mended, and indeed the whole oeconomy of nature, as we approached the ſun; and you cannot conceive, what an air of chearfulneſs it gave us, to compare the deſolations of North Wales with the fine valleys and hills of Montgomeryſhire, and the fruitful green fields of fair Warwickſhire. For I made myſelf amends in the following part of my journey, directing my courſe through Shrewſbury, Woolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford, ſome of the fineſt towns and counties in the iſland. But I muſt ſtop, and not uſe you ſo unmercifully. . . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and

affectionate humble ſervant,

THO. BANGOR.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVII.

Biſhop RUNDLE to the Rev. Dean CLARKE *.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Barrington †, Sept. 9, 1740.

IF I was not the moſt inactive mortal living, I would quickly come to you at Wincheſter, to aſſure you what eſteem and affection for you have ever been in my

* Alured Clarke, D. D. prebendary of Weſtminſter and Wincheſter, and dean of Exeter. This laſt preferment, to which he was advanced May 12, 1740, he did not long enjoy, dying, before he had completed the 46th year of his age, on May 31, 1742. He was interred, without any monument, in Weſtminſter-abbey; but the county-hoſpitals of Wincheſter and Exeter (the firſt of the kind) which, in a great meaſure, owe their riſe to his indefatigable aſſiduity, are much more durable memorials of his benevolence and charity.

† Lord Talbot's ſeat in Glouceſterſhire.

"At Barrington ſhall Engliſh bounty ſtand,
"And Henſol's glory never leave the land."

Pope.

heart; but, I believe, I muſt defer my viſit to you, till I can pay it in that city [Exeter] where I was born, and which ſtill continues the delight of my imagination. Though I think it by far the fineſt climate, and moſt agreeable place of reſidence in England, yet it never appeared in ſo fair a light to me, as it will, when I ſee you preſiding in its cathedral. I have ſtill ſome few valuable acquaintance left in that country, who will think themſelves happy in your friendſhip, and rejoice to perform to you all the ſelf-rewarding duties of good neighbourhood; and, I am confident, they will think themſelves more obliged to me for making them known to you, than for all the other civilities it has ever been in my power to ſhew them.

Your houſe * there, as well as I remember, is large, but gloomily ſituated under the ſhadow of the church, crowded with houſes in ſuch a manner, as not to ſuffer

* On the repair of this houſe dean Clarke expended a large ſum of money.

you

you to have any gardens of value; but the variety of public walks round the town, and the beauty of the landſcapes, and the warmth of the air, will make you ample amends for every inconvenience at home, if any ſuch there be. But I am juſt informed that you have not yet taken poſſeſſion of it. Whence this delay? I hope it is not from indifference. If you go down next ſpring, I will offer you my company, if that can make the journey more agreeable. You will find there every thing that your hoſpitable heart can deſire, in greater plenty, greater elegance, and at leſs expence, than in any city in England, and I may almoſt ſay Ireland, if I am not deceived by my memory and my friends. Forgive my indulging myſelf in the praiſes of my firſt love, to one who is to enjoy her beauties, whilſt I am baniſhed to Thulé, far from ſunſhine, and the converſation of thoſe friends, whoſe company would make even Thulé pleaſant and ſunſhine forgotten. If you have any taſte for gardening, and cultivating and amaſſing any kind of vegetable riches, the trees there ſhoot with

a more luxuriant verdure; the flowers glow with warmer colours; and the fruits ripen to a richer flavour, than in any part of this iſland: and the fig and the grape ſcarce deſire better ſkies.

I am glad you are pleaſed with Capt. Folliot *; he is a ſenſible, friendly, upright man; indefatigable in obliging thoſe for whom he has conceived an eſteem; and generous to the full extent of his fortune. He has a taſte for the beauties of nature, and indulges himſelf in the enjoyment of every rational amuſement of that kind, which he can purchaſe with diſcretion. You and he have many things in common in the turn of your indefatigable charity to relieve the diſtreſſes of mankind; and our hoſpital for invalids, by his dexterity and diligence, was raiſed from being *vox & præterea nihil*, into a comfort to many hundreds of unhappy wretches; and is now an ho-

* Afterwards lieutenant-general, colonel of the 18th regiment of foot, and member in the Iriſh parliament for Sligo. He died in 1762.

nour

nour to our kingdom; and, whilſt it continues ſo, will preſerve to poſterity an account of the fortitude, and virtue, and wiſdom of Folliot.

I intend to continue here till the meeting of the parliament, and then to remove to Mr. John Talbot's *, in Red-lion-ſquare. You know me well enough, to be ſure that the chief call I have into England is to enjoy the company of thoſe friends, to whoſe family and affection I owe all the good fortune of my life. Inclination and gratitude united in determining me to undertake my preſent journey. I deſign to continue the winter and ſpring in London, and in the beginning of the ſummer ſee my other friends, and then return to Ireland---for ever. I grow too old and too inactive to propoſe any future expeditions. I have recovered my health and ſpirits, but not my ſtrength. I am infinitely better

* Third ſon of the lord chancellor, afterwards one of the Welch judges, member of parliament for Ilcheſter, and a lord of trade. He died in 1756.

than

than ever I expected, or could even hope for without preſumption; but yet the effects of a diſtemper, as well as the infirmities of old age, will diſable me from any proſpect of being hereafter fit for any thing, but talking in an elbow-chair.

I own to you, my friend, my ſituation in Ireland is as agreeable to me as any poſſibly could be, remote from the early friendſhips of my life. I have been ſerved as Plato in his commonwealth would have Homer treated; "Firſt," ſays the philoſopher, "do him honours, reward his me-"rit, and then---baniſh him." At Dublin I enjoy the moſt delightful habitation, the fineſt landſcape, and the mildeſt climate that can be deſcribed or deſired: I have a houſe * there rather too elegant and magnificent; in the north, an eaſy dioceſe and a large revenue. I have but thirty-five beneficed clergymen under my care; and they all regular, decent, neighbourly: each hath conſiderable and commendable general

* On St. Stephen's-green.

learning,

learning, but not one is eminent for any particular branch of knowledge. And I have rather more curates, who are allowed by their rectors ſuch a ſtipend, as hath, alas! tempted moſt of them to marry; and it is not uncommon to have curates, that are fathers of eight or ten children, without any thing but an allowance of forty pounds a year to ſupport them.

The only diſcipline that I have as yet exerted, hath been to diſcard three out of my dioceſe, who, though refuſed certificates by me and my clergy, have obtained good livings in America, and found room for repentance. If their former misfortunes have been a warning to them, I rejoice at their ſucceſs; but if they are once more negligent of their conduct, there is no farther beneficial pardon for their follies in this life, though they ſhould ſincerely ſeek it with tears.

My dean *, your kinſman, is much beloved at Derry, and is highly delighted with the preferment. That place was the firſt object of his fondneſs, and agrees with his conſtitution; his wife was born in it, and is related to great numbers near it. He is very generous, and a great oeconomiſt; lives ſplendidly, yet buys eſtates; and equally takes care of his reputation and his family. The income is above 1300 l. per ann. but he hath ſeven curates, to whom he is generous. It is a preferment which will increaſe daily, and the out-goings continue the ſame. It is now a clear 1000 l. and will next year be probably better. I have only room to aſſure you, that I am,

Yours moſt ſincerely,

THO. DERRY †.

* Mr. Robert Downes, afterwards ſucceſſively biſhop of Ferns, Down, and Raphoe. He died in 1763.

† Biſhop Rundle died at Dublin April 14, 1743, and left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to 25,000 l. to Mr. John Talbot above-mentioned.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVIII.

Rev. Mr. SAY * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Octob. 10, 1740.

ACCORDING to your deſire, I herewith ſend you my Latin verſion of the introduction to Paradiſe Loſt. It was compoſed (as, I think, I told you) while I lay on my bed in the night, and ſcarce knew whether I was aſleep or awake, writing or hearing verſes; and the heavenly muſe gave me, in the words of Milton,

Her nightly viſitation unimplor'd,
And whiſper'd to me ſlumb'ring, and inſpir'd
Eaſy my unpremeditated verſe:

Or, in plain proſe, ſuggeſted it to one who does not remember to have made ten Latin hexameters together in his whole life at any other time, nor deſigns ever to make

* See note * on letter iv, vol. i, p. 19.

ten more. For you will eaſily believe, *he* can lay very little ſtreſs on the inſpiration, who has ſince attempted to make ſo many improvements by a mere human judgment or induſtry.

The reading over a Latin manuſcript-verſion of the firſt book of Paradiſe Loſt, which had been put into my hands a little before, gave my thoughts, as I imagine, this turn; for I was endeavouring to convince the author, that Milton would be but half-tranſlated, if his numbers were not transfuſed, as well as his general ſenſe given; and if there was not the ſame ſtudied, or happy neglect, or choice of ſounds, either harſh or indifferent, or ſweet and ſoothing to the ear, in the copy as in the original.

Humani generis lapſum, mitiſſima rupta
Fœdera, lethiferæ fructum arboris, unde malorum
Dira cohors, cum morte ſimul, mortalibus ægris
Incubuit, Paradiſo Amiſſo; major Adamus
*Dum * moriens mortem vincat, ſedemque beatam*

* Eodem ſcilicet ſenſu, quo Virgilius de Niſo:

——— *et moriens animam abſtulit hoſti.*

Æneid ix, ver. 443.

Et

Reſtituat, cane Muſa: Sinæ quæ vertice ſummo,
Orebive olim, ſecreto numine mentem
Illius afflâſti Paſtoris, ſemen Abrami
Qui ſanctum docuit, quo motu terra fretumque,
Quo, primùm è cæco lux ipſa & ſidera cæli
Emersêre Chao—Vel ſi juga ſacra Sionis,
Seu Siloæ magè flumen ames, orac'la Jehovæ
Quæ placidè prætervehitur, veneranda, vocata,
Exaudi, Uranie, atque ingentibus annue cæptis:
Dum niſu inſolito ſurgens ſuper æthera pennis,
Supra anni ſoliſque vias, ſublimis Olympum
Deſpiciam; dicamque, audax, miracula rerum
Non audita aliàs, neque vatum dicta priorum
Carminibus, numeris unquam neque lege ſolutis.

Tuque adeo, tibi dilectas qui deligis ædes
Cor purum, ſceleriſque vacans, tu, Spiritus, adſis!
Omnia nota tibi—Naſcentis ſemina mundi
Foviſti, præſens, vaſtum per inane coacta,
Et paſſis magnum, omniparens, genialibus alis
Maturâſti ovum. Tenebras de pectore, Diva,
Diſcutias; humilemque leves, & talibus auſis
Eſſe parem jubeas, dum juſtum atque omnibus æquum,
Æternum oſtendam Patrem, rerumque potentem.

S. SAY.

Et Apoſt. ad Hebræos, II, 9——14.

Et imperium moriens morti abſtulit.

Dying he ſlew.——Dryden.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIX.

Rev. Mr. Say to Mr. -------.

DEAR SIR, March, 1742-3.

IF you remember a converſation we had once at our common friend Mr. H-------'s, you will never put any queſtion to me concerning a ſubject of which I am unwilling ever to think more, unleſs it be in reflections on the diſproportion between a finite and an infinite mind, and the improbability, that the one ſhould ever be in circumſtances, to judge of all the proceedings of the other.

I was glad, therefore, that in the letter you ſent me, you put the queſtion in terms which made it eaſier to ſend you ſome kind of anſwer; for it will never be difficult to me, that an innocent being ſhould ſuffer, if the difficulty ariſes merely from the innocence, unleſs you ſuppoſe its ſufferings,

upon

upon the whole, to be greater than its enjoyments, or rewards.

As for the brute-creation, we know ſo little of their ſenſations, or the laws of Providence, by which they are governed, that I think it impoſſible for us to determine, whether this be the caſe with them, conſidered in the general. As to individuals, I think I ſhould chuſe to be a managed horſe, or a diſciplined dog, for a few months, that I might be the favourite of my maſter for all the reſt of my life: in the ſame manner as Paul of Tarſus ſaith to his young converts, expoſed to ſome degrees of perſecution, *If ye endure chaſtiſement*, (or as his words intend,) if ye are under paternal diſcipline, παιδεια, *God dealeth with you as with ſons.* And in fact, we ſee among ourſelves that the future and greater happineſs of the life of many a youth is owing to this wiſe and uſeful diſcipline.

There was a time, indeed, when under a wreck of every delightful idea, I was willing to catch at any fragment that might ſave

ſave me from ſinking, and endeavoured to perſuade myſelf that there never was a ſenſible or conſcious being, who, upon the whole of his exiſtence, ſhould not poſſeſs an over-balance of good to his evil, notwithſtanding the two different ſtates of good and bad men, which we believe hereafter; and I pleaſed myſelf with theſe lines:

——— ——— ——— For who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity;
To periſh rather; ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion?

Paradiſe Loſt, b. ii.

And yet (if we underſtand the words aright,) we muſt except one perſon at leaſt, concerning whom it is ſaid; *Good were it for that man if he had never been born.* But this ſingle inſtance, I perceive, you would not have allowed.

But whatever difficulties there are (as there are difficulties never to be thought of

of again by me) as to the general conduct of Providence, I could never think with you, that pain and ſufferings ought never, no, not in any one inſtance, to befall an innocent being, not though the joy, that ſhould be ſet before him as the reward of it, ſhould be his own, and the joy of millions of other beings in conſequence of it, the higheſt pleaſure that a generous and god-like mind could propoſe to itſelf; or, to deſcend lower, while I am conſcious I owe the ſtrongeſt pleaſures of my life to preceding pains, and which nothing but thoſe pains could have put me into a capacity to enjoy. And with what reluctance ſoever I may ſuffer ſome preſent painful or ungrateful things, may I not have the ſame reaſon to ſay,

----- *Forſan et* hæc *olim meminiſſe juvabit?*

Hunger is pain, but a pain which the ſofteſt epicure would hardly be without. And the *helluo librorum*, the man that is greedy of various knowledge, or ambitious

of the higheſt poſts in the church or in the ſtate,

Multa tulit fecitque puer, ſudavit & alſit.

So that you ſeem to reaſon here againſt common ſenſe, and common practice:

Cum ventum ad verum eſt, ſenſus moreſque repugnant.

But to come nearer to you, let me only remind you, that nothing gives a greater, nothing, perhaps, an equal pleaſure, to acts of virtue, and the more ſo, the more difficult they are to be exerted, as in the nobler inſtances of continence, reſolution, fortitude, and a command over our ſtrongeſt inclinations and paſſions; without which there could be no ſuch thing as virtue, or the inward and eternal reward of a ſelf-approving mind:

----- *Pulcherrima præmia primum,*
Dii moreſque dabunt veſtri.

Virg.

I cannot conſent therefore that "juſtice" or "goodneſs" ſhould not permit the innocent to ſuffer in any inſtance whatever, or for any conſiderations.

Whether the Governor of the world could have attained the ſame ends, or given the ſame pleaſure, without the ſame previous pain in other inſtances, I know not; but not the ſame virtuous pleaſure, I imagine, without the ſame exerciſe of virtue, which, in ſome inſtances at leaſt, is its own reward.

Thus far I can venture to think, but no farther.

Yours, &c.

S. SAY.

May 27, 1743.

IN confirmation of what is advanced by the learned and pious author of the foregoing letter, (whom it pleaſed GOD to take to himſelf ſoon after the writing it *,) it may be farther obſerved; that there can be no temporal evil, but what may, upon the whole, tend to the advantage and happineſs of the ſufferer, ſuppoſing a Providence, a future ſtate, and the immortality of the ſoul. But, without thoſe principles, the ſtate and condition of mankind ſeem to be the moſt wretched and forlorn of all creatures; and, if not true, the belief of them contributes at leaſt to our preſent happineſs. They, therefore, who endeavour to ſubvert theſe animating principles, deſerve to be treated as enemies to human ſociety. Perhaps all thoſe natural evils, or moral obliquities, of which we ſo grievouſly complain, may be no ſtronger

* April 12, 1743.

an

an objection to the rectitude of the whole ſyſtem, than hills and mountains are to the rotundity of the globe; and may anſwer various, excellent purpoſes, though we are too ſhort-ſighted to diſcover them. "Vin- "dictive juſtice" in the Deity is, I own, no article of my creed. All puniſhment in the hands of an infinitely wiſe and good Being, I think, muſt be medicinal, or what we call chaſtiſement.

There is a paſſage in Milton's maſk of Comus, which ſeems to compriſe the marrow of theology;

Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriſ'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that, which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall, in the happy trial, prove moſt glory.
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettled to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change,
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rotteneſs,
And earth's baſe, built on ſtubble.

What

What St. Paul ſpeaks more directly of the reconciliation both of Jews and Gentiles to God by Jesus Christ, Romans xi, 32, *For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all*, I am willing to underſtand in a more extenſive ſenſe, of the general redemption of mankind, at the conſummation of all things. With what raptures of devotion muſt every one, who cheriſhes this generous doctrine, join with the apoſtle in the following pathetic exclamation; *O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God! How unſearchable are his judgments, and his ways paſt finding out!*

Nor will theſe ſentiments appear, on reflection, ſo contradictory to revelation, as they may perhaps, at firſt, be thought; for (as has been obſerved by a moſt excellent author *,) "he that threatens hath ſtill the "power of execution in his own hands. "And there is this remarkable difference "between promiſes and threatenings, that

* Archbiſhop Tillotſon, vol. i, fol. p. 413.

"he

" he who promiſes paſſeth over a right to
" another, and thereby ſtands obliged to
" him in juſtice and faithfulneſs to make
" good his promiſe; and if he do not, the
" party to whom the promiſe is made is
" not only diſappointed, but injuriouſly
" dealt withal: but in threatenings it is
" quite otherwiſe. He that threatens keeps
" the right of puniſhing in his own hand,
" and is not obliged to execute what he
" hath threatened any farther than the rea-
" ſons and ends of government do require:
" and he may, without any injury to the
" party threatened, remit and abate as
" much as he pleaſeth of the puniſhment
" that he hath threatened: and becauſe in
" ſo doing he is not worſe but better than
" his word, nobody can find fault, or com-
" plain of any wrong or injuſtice thereby
" done to him *.

* Some have thought that the good archbiſhop went here farther than " is written," the great God having thought fit to make his " threats" as poſitive as his " promiſes;" and if this reaſoning be admitted, it is not eaſily ſeen how it can be conſiſtent with

" Nor is this any impeachment of God's " truth and faithfulneſs, any more than it " is eſteemed among men a piece of falſhood " not to do what they have threatened. " God did abſolutely threaten the deſtruc- " tion of the city of Nineveh, and his " peeviſh prophet did underſtand the threa- " tening to be abſolute, and was very an- " gry with God for employing him in a " meſſage that was not made good. But " God underſtood his own right, and did " what he pleaſed, notwithſtanding the " threatening he had denounced, and for " all Jonah was ſo touched in honour, that " he had rather have died himſelf than that " Nineveh ſhould not have been deſtroyed, " only to have verified his meſſage."

No certain judgment can be formed of the juſtneſs and goodneſs of God (more than of any other governor,) by a partial view of his diſpenſations. Before we can

with perfect truth; and no degree of falſhood can be admitted into the perfect character.

be

be qualified to cenſure his ways, we muſt take into the account not only the preſent ſhort duration, but likewiſe the paſt and the future; and then it will be found, on ſumming up the whole, that his throne is founded on equity, and all his ways are righteouſneſs and truth.

If we take a ſummary view of the diſpenſations of God to mankind, it will evidently appear what little ground we have to complain of any want of goodneſs towards us.

He called us into being of his mere bounty, and has made us capable of a thouſand excellent qualities. He has ſpread all around us a great variety of ſenſible goods, which, when uſed with moderation, tend to prolong our lives, and give us, at the ſame time, the moſt agreeable ſenſations. So indulgently has he blended the delightful with the uſeful! He hath made known to us, both by reaſon and revelation, the methods whereby we may render ourſelves acceptable to him, and become

happy both here and hereafter. The commandments, to which he enjoins our obedience, are all calculated for our benefit; *for a man cannot be profitable to his Maker.* Theſe commandments require little more of us than what the voice of reaſon dictates; and are all eaſy to be performed, 'till we have corrupted ourſelves by vicious habits. Theſe depraved habits may be reformed; and God is not implacable, but will accept of our ſincere repentance: and, after this life is ended, he will convey the virtuous and truly penitent to manſions of everlaſting glory. They indeed, who obſtinately refuſe to be converted, ſhall ſuffer puniſhment proportionable to their offences, and ſuch as the rules of juſtice and equity dictate. And this the order of God's government, the reverence due to his laws, the benefit and final converſion of the offenders themſelves, and the improvement of other moral agents, manifeſtly require.

Abſolute indefectibility, or an incapacity of deviating in any inſtance from the rule of right, is probably one of the incommunicable

municable perfections of the Deity; and, if that be the caſe, to require a creature not ſubject to error, grief, or pain, is to require an impoſſibility: but if, upon the whole, the good overbalances the evil, that ſurplus of happineſs muſt be aſcribed to the free grace or benevolence of God.

The celebrated Bayle employed his laſt hours in raiſing objections againſt the juſtice and goodneſs of the Governor of the world, which he has diſplayed in the moſt artful manner imaginable; and it is to be feared, that his writings have contributed to drive many a thoughtful man, of a melancholy complection, into deſpair. In how different a ſtrain does the divine Epictetus (for ſo, I think, he may be juſtly called,) diſcourſe of the ways of God, of the diſpoſition of his own heart, of the thoughts and employments in which he would be glad to be ſeized by death! "For "my own part, (ſays he,) I wiſh death "may overtake me wholly employed in cor- "recting my will, that I may be free from "all terror, diſentangled from all cares and "paſſions, and ready to obey his ſummons

" without reluctance. So that I may then " be able to addreſs myſelf to God in this " manner:

" Have I, in any inſtance, tranſgreſſed " thy laws? Have I neglected the oppor- " tunities of doing good, which thou haſt " afforded me? Have I miſemployed my " faculties or my underſtanding? Did I " ever accuſe thee, or arraign thy govern- " ment? I have been ſick, becauſe it was " thy pleaſure: others have been ſick too, " but I without repining. I have lived in " a ſtate of poverty, becauſe it was thy " will; but content and eaſy. I have " not been a magiſtrate, becauſe thou didſt " not ſee fit it ſhould be ſo; nor have I " deſired to be one. Didſt thou ever be- " hold me more melancholy on this ac- " count, or have I ever addreſſed thee with " a countenance leſs chearful? I am ready " to obey, or to ſuffer whatever thou ſhalt " ordain. Is it thy will, that I ſhould now " quit this grand theatre? I am content to " quit it; and return thee all poſſible " thanks for deigning to admit me to be a

" ſpec-

" ſpectator of this glorious ſcene of thy
" works, and for giving me ſuch a ſenſe of
" thy over-ruling Providence. May death
" ſeize me meditating, writing, or reading
" ſuch things as theſe!"

Epictetus, as quoted by Arrian, b. iii, c. 5.

Abſtracting from theſe words a little of the Stoical pride, with which they are tinctured, and underſtanding them in a qualified ſenſe, there is no conſiderate man but would wiſh to die with ſuch ſentiments. At leaſt, nothing can be more juſt than the general maxim of this philoſopher, that it is the intereſt, as well as duty, of every one to be found at the hour of death, fulfilling the taſk aſſigned him by Providence, grateful for the bleſſings he has received in life, and entirely reſigned to the will of his wiſe Creator.

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER

LETTER CXXX.

Counteſs of HERTFORD * to the Rev. Dr. BURNET †.

SIR, Oct. 1744.

I AM very ſenſibly obliged by the very kind compaſſion you expreſs for me under my heavy affliction ‡. The meditations you have favoured me with afford the ſtrongeſt motives for conſolation that can be offered to a perſon under my unhappy circumſtances. The dear lamented ſon I have loſt, was the pride and joy of my heart, but I hope I may be the more eaſily excuſed for having looked on him in this

* See note † on letter cxxiii, p. 117.

† Prebendary of Saliſbury, and rector of Weſt-kington, Wilts.

‡ The death of her ladyſhip's only ſon, George lord viſcount Beauchamp, at Bologna in Italy, Sept. 11, 1744.

light,

light, ſince he was not ſo from the outward advantages he poſſeſſed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The proſpects which flattered me in regard to him, were not drawn from his diſtinguiſhed rank, or from the beauty of his perſon, but from the hopes that his example would have been ſerviceable to the cauſe of virtue, and would have ſhewn the younger part of the world, that it was poſſible to be chearful without being fooliſh or vicious, and to be religious without ſeverity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted courſe of duty and obedience to his parents, and when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think of the agonies which muſt rend their hearts; for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conſcience did not reproach him with any preſumptuous ſins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he reſigned his innocent ſoul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of the birthday which completed him nineteen. You will not be ſurpriſed, Sir, that the death of

ſuch

ſuch a ſon ſhould occaſion the deepeſt ſorrow, yet, at the ſame time, it leaves us the moſt comfortable aſſurance that he is far happier than our fondeſt wiſhes could have made him; which muſt enable us to ſupport the remainder of years, which it ſhall pleaſe God to allot for us here, without murmuring or diſcontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourſelves to follow him in that happy place whither our dear valuable child is gone before us.

I beg the continuance of your prayers; and am, Sir,

Yours,

F. HERTFORD.

* LETTER

*LETTER CXXXI.

Archbiſhop HERRING to the Rev. Dr. GEORGE BENSON †.

REVEREND SIR, Kenſington, Feb. 2, 1747-8.

I CANNOT ſatisfy myſelf with having ſent a cold and common anſwer of thanks, for your volume of moſt excellent and uſe-

† A learned and eminent diſſenting teacher, firſt co-adjutor and afterwards ſucceſſor to Dr. Lardner, in Crutched-fryars, author of the "Reaſonableneſs "of the chriſtian religion," the "Life of Jeſus "Chriſt, &c." In 1747, having printed a volume of ſermons, on various important ſubjects, he preſented it to the archbiſhop of Canterbury, with congratulations on his elevation to that ſee. This occaſioned his grace's writing him the above letter, which Mr. Amory, the editor, "as a friend to liberty "and mankind," has inſerted in his "Memoirs of the "life of Dr. Benſon," prefixed to his "life of Chriſt;" and which for the ſame reaſon is re-publiſhed here; "becauſe it breathes ſo ſtrongly that chriſtian ſpirit, "which, did it generally prevail in the governors "of the chriſtian church, would produce moſt ex-

ful ſermons. I do it in this manner with great eſteem and cordiality. I thank you, at the ſame time, as it becomes me to do, for your very obliging good wiſhes. The ſubject, on which my friends congratulate me, is, in truth, matter of conſtant anxiety to me. I hope I have an honeſt intention, and for the reſt I muſt rely on the good grace of GOD, and the counſel and aſſiſtance of my friends.

I think it happy, that I am called up to this high ſtation at a time, when ſpite, and rancour, and narrowneſs of ſpirit are out of countenance; when we breathe the benign and comfortable air of liberty and toleration; and the teachers of our common religion make it their buſineſs to extend its eſſential influence, and join in ſupporting its true intereſt and honour. No times ever called more loudly upon proteſtants for zeal, and unity, and charity.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your aſſured friend,

T. CANTUAR.

" tenſive good effects, in regard to the preſent as " well as final happineſs of mankind." He died in 1763, aged 64.

* LETTER

* LETTER CXXXII.

Biſhop BENSON † to Dr. BENSON.

SIR, Berry-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, Jan. 10, 1748-9.

I RECEIVED, at my coming to town upon Saturday laſt, what you are pleaſed to ſtyle a ſmall, but muſt allow me to

† This excellent prelate was, from his youth to his lateſt age, the delight of all who knew him. He accompanied the late earl of Pomfret in his travels, and in Italy became acquainted with the late biſhop Berkeley, as he did at Paris with the late archbiſhop Secker, who afterwards married his ſiſter. It was much againſt his will that he was appointed biſhop of Glouceſter, in 1734, [ſee letter cii, p. 57.] and from that ſee he would never remove. For a farther account of him, drawn up by a maſterly hand, and *con amore*, ſee the "life of arch-"biſhop Secker," prefixed to the 1ſt volume of his ſermons, p. xxiii—v.

Let me add, that ſo unblemiſhed was biſhop Benſon's character, that Mr. Pope allowed him to have

eſteem a very valuable preſent; your "Pa-
"raphraſe and notes on the ſeven catholic
"epiſtles *." I have not yet had time to peruſe them, but I could not, till I had, delay to return my thanks for the great favour which you have done me; and to which I wiſh I could think myſelf entitled upon any of the other accounts you mention; beſides that only of wearing a name, to which you, by your learning, have done honour.

"manners with candour," and even the author of the "Epiſcopade," a ſatire on the whole epiſcopal bench, could not find a flaw in it. On the contrary, he ſays,

Let *him* walk with his GOD in the city of Glouceſter.

He died in 1752.

This letter is added for the reaſon given in the preceding note; "becauſe (in Mr. Amory's words) "it is full of the ſame chriſtian and catholic ſpirit, "and is likely to promote it in the attentive reader."

* Dr. Benſon, in a former volume, had written on Philemon, i & ii Theſſalonians, i Timothy, Titus, and ii Timothy. So that his 2d volume, together with the Paraphraſes of Mr. Locke and Mr. Pierce, finiſhed the epiſtles in the manner propoſed and begun by Mr. Locke.

I can only ſay for myſelf, that I have a ſincere deſire to do all the good which my abilities will capacitate me for, in the ſtation in which it has pleaſed Providence to place me; and a ſincere delight to ſee virtue and religion defended, in an age which ſo much wants it, by able hands. And no one can be more ready than myſelf to acknowledge, how much, upon this account, we are indebted to the learned labours, and admirable writings, of ſeveral of thoſe whom we have the unhappineſs to have differing from us in ſome leſs important particulars.

I beg of God to bleſs your and their labours for his ſervice, and to unite us all in love and charity here, and glory hereafter. And yourſelf I beg with much regard to believe me to be, Sir,

Your faithful and
much obliged humble ſervant,
M. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXIII.

Mr. Duncombe to Mr. Highmore.

DEAR SIR, Frith-ſtreet, January 17, 1748-9.

THE laſt time I was with you, I took notice, that Mr. Addiſon (in the *Spectator*, numb. 40,) had, to the beſt of my remembrance, miſrepreſented Ariſtotle's ſentiments, in ſome particulars, relating to tragedy.

Now, that you may judge for yourſelf, I will tranſcribe Ariſtotle's words, with the remark of M. Dacier; which you may, at your leiſure, compare with the above-mentioned *Spectator*. "The end and deſign of "tragedy (ſays he) is to excite pity and "terror. From hence it follows, that we "ought not to repreſent a 'very good "man' as falling from proſperity into "great afflictions; for this, inſtead of ex-"citing pity and terror, will raiſe horror; "which

" which is condemned by all. Moreover,
" we ought not to repreſent the misfor-
" tunes of a 'very wicked man.' This,
" indeed, may give us ſome pleaſure, but
" it will neither raiſe fear nor pity, in per-
" ſons of a virtuous character: for the
" firſt is chiefly raiſed by the misfortunes
" of thoſe who are like ourſelves; and the
" latter by the afflictions of ſuch as ſeem
" to deſerve a better fate. The only pro-
" per ſubject then for tragedy is a perſon
" of a mixed character, neither very good,
" nor very bad; who does not draw his
" misfortunes on himſelf by any enormous
" crime; but becomes unhappy by infir-
" mities, or ſome involuntary fault.

" It follows from hence, that tragedy
" ought rather to end with the ill, than
" with the good, fortune of the principal
" characters, provided this unhappineſs be
" the conſequence of ſome great fault, and
" not the natural effect of notorious crimes.
" In a word, the ſum of what I have been
" ſaying is, that the poet ſhould deſcribe

" the

" the misfortunes of a man, who is neither
" bad nor good, but if he cannot find a
" character exactly ſuch, let his good qua-
" lities preponderate his bad ones *."

Ariſtotle's Poetics, c. 13.

DACIER's REMARK.

" Ariſtotle rightly here obſerves, that
" the misfortunes of a man ſuperior to

* No one has done more juſtice to this firſt and beſt of critics than a late eſſayiſt, in oppoſition to " the faſhionable and nauſeous petulance of ſeveral " impertinent moderns, who have attempted to diſ- " credit this great and uſeful writer." Of the Po- " etics in particular he obſerves, that " they ſeem " to have been written for the uſe of that prince with " whoſe education Ariſtotle was honoured, to give " him a juſt taſte in reading Homer and the trage- " dians. . . . . To attempt to underſtand poetry, " without having diligently digeſted this treatiſe, " would be as abſurd and impoſſible, as to pretend " to a ſkill in geometry, without having ſtudied Eu- " clid. The 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters, wherein " he has pointed out the propereſt methods of " exciting terror and pity, convince us, that " he was intimately acquainted with thoſe ob- " jects which moſt forcibly affect the heart. The " prime

" others in virtue cannot excite either fear
" or pity, but will raiſe horror. Conſe-
" quently, the misfortunes of ſuch a one
" cannot refine the paſſions; for the audi-
" ence, when they find that virtue makes
" us unhappy, will be driven into deſpair.
" Why, indeed, ſhould we take pains to
" correct the paſſions, if thoſe who guide
" them by reaſon, are no leſs wretched
" than the vicious; and if virtue itſelf
" plunges us into miſery?

" Surely, therefore, this precept of Ari-
" ſtotle, by which he forbids his poet to
" make a very good man unhappy, is juſt
" and true."

Thus far Dacier.

" prime excellence of this precious treatiſe is, the
" ſcholaſtic preciſion, and philoſophical cloſeneſs,
" with which the ſubject is handled, without any
" addreſs to the paſſions or imagination. It is to be
" lamented, that the part of the Poetics in which
" he had given precepts for comedy, did not likewiſe
" deſcend to poſterity."

Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope, p. 170.

In regard to the difference of opinion between Ariſtotle and Addiſon, I ſhall only ſay, with the ſhepherd in Virgil,

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

However, though Addiſon was at liberty to have ſhewn (if he could) that the rule here laid down by the philoſopher, has no foundation in nature or in reaſon, (for though his *ipſe dixit* formerly ſwayed the whole chriſtian world, authors cannot now avail themſelves of it,) yet, I think, it is by no means allowable to preſs (if I may ſo ſpeak) a venerable name into our party, againſt the plain and obvious meaning of his own words.

The late duke of Buckingham has copied, in his *Eſſay on Poetry*, the rule here laid down by Ariſtotle:

Reject that vulgar error, which appears
So fair, of making perfect characters:

There's no ſuch thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultleſs monſter, which the world ne'er ſaw;
There muſt be faults that his misfortunes drew;
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.

The players, in general, are very fond of this "perfect character" (as the duke of B. calls it) becauſe it makes them ſhine, as they think, in the eyes of the audience.

Yours ſincerely,

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS *.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 3, 1748-9.

THE ingenious author of Clariſſa has, in a poſtſcript annexed to his laſt volume, endeavoured to juſtify his conduct in ma-

* See note ‡ on letter xcii, p. 17.

king a very virtuous character unhappy, by the authority of Ariſtotle and Addiſon; on which occaſion, I ſent the incloſed letter * to our common friend, Mr. Highmore. But there are ſome paſſages in Ariſtotle himſelf, which, if rightly tranſlated, (for I have not the original by me,) I am at a loſs to reconcile.

For example: "A perſon of ſuch a "character as is a proper ſubject for tra-"gedy, muſt (he ſays) draw his misfor-"tunes on himſelf by ſome involuntary "fault."

Now, I think, there can be no "fault" at all, without the concurrence of the will; and conſequently, that an "involuntary "fault" is a contradiction in terms.

Afterwards he ſays, that "this unhap-"pineſs muſt be the conſequence of ſome "great fault, but not of a notorious "crime." As you have formerly read lec-

* See the foregoing.

tures

tures on Horace, I beg you'll read a lecture to me on Ariſtotle, and explain the preciſe difference between "fault" and "crime." Ariſtotle aſſerts, that "the end of tragedy "is to purge and refine the paſſions;" and afterwards adds, that "this can be no other "way effected than by exciting pity or ter-"ror;" but why is not "admiration" a fit object of tragedy? Surely this tends to diſcountenance all low purſuits, and to excite a noble emulation, which I ſhould call "refining of the paſſions."

But if (upon the authority of Ariſtotle) we muſt not ſtyle ſuch plays as Cato and Heroic Love, tragedies; they are, at leaſt, (as Mr. Pope ſpeaks of his own paſtorals *) "ſomething better."

As Ariſtotle formed his rules for epic poetry from the Iliad and Odyſſey, I am apt to think, his canons for the drama were drawn from the tragedies then extant; which he conſidered as ſtandards of per-

* In the Guardian, vol. i, numb. 40.

fection.

fection. He ſays, that " to repreſent a " very good man as falling from proſperity " into great afflictions, is apt to excite " horror, and therefore condemned by " all." The reaſon of its exciting " hor- " ror" I take to be, that ſuch ſubjects tend to impeach the juſtice of Providence. This is very rational; but how ſhall we reconcile his recommending the character of Oedipus, as a perfect model for tragedy, with this maxim? Can any thing be more apt to excite " horror," and to drive men into deſpair, than to ſee ſo virtuous a perſon, as Oedipus is repreſented to be, (a man adorned with every princely and heroic quality) plunged into ſuch terrible calamities by an abſolute decree of the gods, made before he was born, and without any fault of his own? He killed his father indeed; but ignorantly, in a rencounter, and merely in his own defence. He married his mother; but did not ſuſpect ſhe was his mother, nor had any reaſon to think ſo. What juſt grounds, therefore, can there be for thoſe terrible complaints of his wickedneſs? The reproach he caſts on

the

the gods, in Dryden, is ſurely more reaſonable:

"Impute my errors to your own decree;
"My hands are guilty, but my heart is free."

which is juſt ſuch a ſort of guilt, as the knife, that had killed an ox, offered as a victim to the gods, was puniſhed for, of old, by the Cretans and Athenians, as Porphyry relates; and becauſe there is ſomething droll in the ſtory, I will ſtop and tell it you. "Preparatory to the ſacrifice, "they choſe ſome maids of an unblemiſhed "character, to carry a veſſel of water, to "moiſten the grind-ſtone, on which the "axe and knife were to be ground and "ſharpened. After they were whet by a "man prepared for that purpoſe, he deli-"vered the axe to a ſecond, and the knife "to a third, perſon. The ſecond ſtruck "down the ox, and the third cut his throat. "Afterwards, flaying the beaſt, they all "fed upon the fleſh. Then they ſtuffed "the ſkin with hay, and, tacking it toge-"ther, ſet him upon his feet in an erect "poſture,

"poſture, and faſtened a plough to him,
"as if he were going to work. A formal
"proceſs was now carried on againſt all the
"perſons acceſſary to his death, and they
"were called upon to defend themſelves.
"The virgins pleaded that they only car-
"ried the water, and accuſed the man that
"delivered the inſtruments; he, the man
"that knocked down the ox; and he, the
"man that cut his throat; and the laſt
"perſon impeached the knife itſelf; which,
"becauſe it was refractory, and refuſed to
"plead, was unanimouſly found guilty, and
"accordingly condemned to be plunged
"into the ſea and drowned."

Porphyrius de abſtinentiâ ab animalibus necandis, lib. ii, ſ. 30.

Porphyry relates this ſtory to ſhew, that thoſe, who firſt ſlew tame animals, were conſcious they had committed a wicked and immoral action, and therefore made uſe of this fantaſtical expedient to acquit themſelves of the guilt of it.

But

But to return to Oedipus; the ills that he commits are, throughout the whole play, aſcribed entirely to the uncontroulable decree of fate. Thus, act ii, ſcene 2d, Tireſias ſays to him,

"——— Thou art entangled in the ſnare
"Of winding fate."

Again, in the ſame ſcene,

"The fate that raiſ'd thee, but prepar'd thy ruin."

To which Oedipus generouſly anſwers,

"If ſaving Thebes I fall, then welcome ruin."

But ſuch noble ſentiments make his ſufferings appear the more ſhocking.

Oedipus himſelf ſays, in act iii, ſcene 4th,

"Whoever dares think freely, all the guilt
"Muſt to the partial gods and fate aſcribe,
"And me acquit as guiltleſs."

This is no rant, but ſober truth.

In the laſt act, ſcene the 3d, Oedipus declares, "he is well aſſured, it was not "in the power of ſickneſs, or any acci- "dent, to cut him off, 'till he had accom- "pliſhed all the ills he was born to fulfill." Is it not therefore evident, (as was obſerved before,) that "Oedipus" and the "knife" were equally guilty? All the difference is, one was an "inanimate," and the other a "conſcious" machine. And what rational ground can there be for all thoſe repeated complaints of his enormous crimes?

It may now perhaps be aſked, "What "then is the moral of this play?" Plainly no more than this, viz. To impreſs on the minds of the populace the higheſt veneration for the truth and veracity of oracles, by ſhewing the fatal effects of neglecting to obey their ſacred commands.

The magiſtrates (under whoſe direction the ſtage then was,) might probably think this

this a very important "political" moral; and ſo indeed, I believe, it was, in thoſe times: for it is to be preſumed, from ſeveral ſtories in hiſtory, that the civil government had a great influence over the prieſts, who preſided in the temples, where oracles were delivered, and by theſe means, they became uſeful inſtruments to keep the people in due obedience. How liable the oracles were to be corrupted by wealth and power, is evident from ancient hiſtory.

Demoſthenes, ſenſible of this great truth, ſays, "The Pythian Philippiſes;" complaining, that the oracle of Apollo at Delphi was always partial to Philip.

"Cleomenes, one of the kings of Sparta, (as Herodotus relates in his 6th book) "being deſirous to have Demaratus, the "other king, depoſed, pretended that he "was not the ſon of Ariſton, his prede-"ceſſor; and that Ariſton himſelf had "confeſſed that his wife was delivered of "him before her time. Hereupon the "Spartans determined to enquire of the

" oracle at Delphi, whether Demaratus were " the ſon of Ariſton, or not. But, before " this reſolution was divulged, Cleomenes " had pre-engaged Cobon, the ſon of Ariſt- " ophantus; who, being a perſon of great " authority in Delphi, prevailed upon Pe- " rialla, the arch-prieſteſs, to give ſuch an " anſwer as Cleomenes deſired. So that " when the Spartans came to conſult the " oracle, the Pythian pronounced Dema- " ratus not to be the ſon of Ariſton. By " theſe artifices, Cleomenes carried his " point, and Demaratus was depoſed. The " colluſion being afterwards diſcovered, " Cobon fled from Delphi, and Perialla " was deprived of her dignity."

Many other ſtories of the like kind might be cited from hiſtory. But the fatality of events, ſo ſtrongly inculcated in Oedipus, (how well ſoever it may ſerve the purpoſe of the Athenians) is utterly ſubverſive of all true religion and virtue. " How then " comes this play to be ſo generally ap- " plauded?" I doubt, we are apt to admire the writings of the ancients implicitly

citly and in the lump, as we take the principles of our religion from our fore-fathers upon truſt, and without ſifting too narrowly into the grounds and reaſons of them. However, though the moral is wrong, it muſt be allowed that the *denoûment*, as the French call it, or the unravelling of the plot, in this play, is conducted with great art and addreſs; particularly, in the 4th ſcene of act iii, between Oedipus and Jocaſta, where all the circumſtances ſhe produces to ſatisfy him it was impoſſible he ſhould be the perſon who had killed Laius, tend to raiſe and confirm his jealouſy and ſuſpicion of it: and alſo in the 5th ſcene of act iv, between Oedipus and the ſhepherd, which no one can ſee or read without being extremely affected, and ſympathiſing with the virtuouſly-wretched king.

I would not have you think, that I affect to dogmatiſe in this letter: on the contrary, I only open my thoughts freely, that you may be tempted to ſet me right, and correct the errors of, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

W. D.

P. S.

P. S. In the Ajax of Sophocles, act iv, ſcene 4, Tecmeſſa, the miſtreſs of Ajax, on occaſion of his terrible calamities, makes this reflection,

" The daughter of great Jove, avenging Pallas,
" Inflicts theſe ills to gratify Ulyſſes."

On this Mr. Jackſon, the tranſlator, makes the following juſt remark: " It ſeems un-
" worthy of the Divine Nature, that the
" gods ſhould take ſuch part with the per-
" verſeneſs of our paſſions, as to puniſh
" one man only to gratify the malice of an-
" other. But this is one ill effect of the
" machinery of the ancient poets, (though
" very ornamental) where the gods are re-
" preſented every moment deſcending and
" mixing with the affairs of human life.
" In Homer there is ſcarce a ſtone or ja-
" velin caſt, or an arrow ſhot, that is not
" directed,' or ' turned aſide,' by ſome god.
" What miſerable wooden puppets upon
" wires are the heroes all the while! How
" much more noble is the Chriſtian ſyſtem
" of

" of Providence, where though there is a " conſtant care of us, that accompanies " the whole courſe of our lives, yet man " is ſtill left in the dignity of a free agent!"

The devout madam Dacier would have curſed Mr. Jackſon by bell, book, and candle, for daring thus to blaſpheme her adored Homer; nor would ſhe have been much more favourable to the earl of Roſcommon for theſe lines,

" Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded gods,
" Make ſome ſuſpect he 'ſnores,' as well as 'nods."

LETTER CXXXV.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Brook-ſtreet, Feb. 21, 1748-9.

YOURS of the third inſtant has been unanſwered 'till now, on the account of many more avocations than I could have expected.

expected. If Clariſſa is unfortunate, without being criminal, or ſo much as faulty, ſhe ſtands condemned, in my opinion, by right reaſon, no leſs than by the doctrine of Ariſtotle, ſo well explained in your letter * to Mr. Highmore; for I ſhould think that thoſe diſpenſations which confirm ſome atheiſts, make others, puzzle the wiſe, and ſhock the good, can anſwer no deſirable end in books calculated (as all works of invention ſhould be) for delight, or inſtruction, or both. We muſt account, in the beſt manner we can, for the dark diſpenſations of Providence recorded in hiſtory, which we find too often there, to wiſh for them elſewhere: however, as misfortunes are the proper ſubject for tragedy, and the innocent are protected from them by poetical juſtice, they muſt be the natural reſult of faults, and ſometimes of crimes, provided thoſe crimes are not flagitious. The ſufferer therefore is to be virtuous, but frail, or, at the worſt, partly bad, and partly good, and, upon the whole, more good than bad; and, if this

* See letter cxxxiii, p. 174.

this mixed character is required to move pity and terror, there ſeems to be no occaſion for the diſtinction between "fault" and "crime," explained as above; the difference between them (though poſſibly not ſo preciſe as you may expect) I apprehend to be this: The intention of the will is eſſential to a crime; for example: if I kill a man, walking under my window, by dropping a ſtone out of it, at a venture, or an offending ſervant, by ſtriking him an unlucky blow, the fault, in both caſes, is obvious; but as, in the firſt, I did not deſign ſo much as the ſtroke, and, in the laſt, I deſigned the ſtroke only, but not its effect, I have not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, committed a "crime," but an "involuntary "fault;" that is, the actions themſelves were voluntary, but not their conſequences. If, (to proceed a ſtep farther) tranſported with rage, upon ſome ſudden and grievous provocation, I kill the offender deſignedly, afterwards repent very heartily, and am a good man in the main, and more unhappy, in the ſenſe of my guilt, than the ſentence of the law can make me, this is

certainly a "crime," but not a "notorious "one;" and, being attended with the circumſtances above-named, deſerves compaſſion. The caſe is otherwiſe, if I deſtroy a man in cold blood; ſo that, to ſpeak in the language of our law, chance-medley, or man-ſlaughter, may be an object of pity, but not murder; and in all caſes whatſoever, as well as in thoſe I have ſpecified, it will depend upon the circumſtances of the fact, call it "fault," "crime," or what you pleaſe, to determine the compaſſion due to him who has committed it, and the terror naturally ariſing from its puniſhment.

You aſk, "why 'admiration' (which "Ariſtotle chuſes to derive from 'heroic "poetry') is not a proper object of trage-"dy?" The anſwer is, that, excited, as it ought to be, by great and worthy actions, it gives our imagination a "lofty" turn, whereas tragedy is a leſſon of "humility," by expoſing the foibles of our nature, bringing the misfortunes of others home to ourſelves, exciting terror and compaſſion,

and

and thereby ſtriking at the root of ſin and miſery, which is "pride;" of which it is truly ſaid by Roſcommon,

"Pride, of all others the moſt dangerous fault,
"Proceeds from want of ſenſe or want of thought."

Under the dominion of this fault we can never judge righteouſly between ourſelves and others, or ſet a true value upon perſons and things; we are ſelfiſh, unjuſt, blind, and hard-hearted; engage in abſurd purſuits, and miſtake wealth, equipage, titles, and rank, for happineſs; in a word, our admiration has taken an immoral turn, and we cannot be edified by Cato or Heroic Love, till we are firſt humbled by the Orphan.

If "refining the paſſions" means (as I underſtand it) regulating the meaſures of them, and fixing them on their proper objects; and if pride is an invincible obſtacle to our obtaining that ſalutary end, it follows, that the correction of that pride, by pity and terror, is the beſt, if not the only,

method of refining our paſſions in general, and thoſe two in particular. To do Ariſtotle juſtice, he ſeems to have laid his foundation very deep; and the whole moral diſpenſatory affords no remedy ſo univerſal and efficacious, as his recipé for purging the paſſions; ſo that if the regimen, which ſubdues an ill habit of body, and eſtabliſhes its health, is preferable to the cure of a fever, a dropſy, or any particular diſeaſe, I cannot doubt but that what extirpates pride, and inſtills humanity, is more meritorious than the puniſhment of vice, or the moſt illuſtrious patterns of virtue. It is admitted, that, upon this plan, many excellent tragedies have been written, but they are not the tragedies, for which Ariſtotle has laid down his rules; on the contrary, they belong, as I obſerved before, to another ſpecies of poetry; and accordingly our Engliſh tragedies in rhyme, which frequently deal in characters of that ſtamp, are ſtyled "heroic," and were formerly the favourite entertainments on our ſtage, as they ſtill are on the French; where you often meet with a young heroine, ſacrificing

a true and tender paſſion to the duty ſhe owes her king, her country, or her parents. And to theſe "triumphs over nature," (as lord Bacon calls them) our neighbours, now and then, add the triumphs of "grace;" but ſurely with no deſign to move pity or terror; for who can pity, in La Motte, the Maccabees and their mother, or be terrified by the torments to which they ſubmit with alacrity? And if ſuch tranſcendent efforts of religion are propoſed as examples to be followed by an audience under the like circumſtances, I fear the poet had a better opinion of his countrymen, than we have reaſon to have of ours. But not to digreſs any longer, I find my letter of ſuch a length, that I ſhall defer for a few days what I have to ſay to your objections againſt Oedipus: they make the greateſt part of your letter, but mine in anſwer to them will, I believe, take up much leſs room than that which I now end, by aſſuring you that I am, dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVI.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Brook-ſtreet, Feb. 28, 1748-9.

IN anſwer to part of your very entertaining letter, I wrote to you laſt week, and am now, according to promiſe, to conſider the remainder. As ſeveral of the ancient tragedies will not ſtand the teſt of Ariſtotle's rules, they could ſcarce be regarded by him as "ſtandards of perfection;" but others again were written more or leſs according to thoſe rules, or rather gave birth to them, as every language does to its own grammar. And, I think, Oedipus is ſingled out by him as a maſter-piece, ſo that if your objections againſt it hold good, he is demoliſhed all at once, for recommending a piece written in violation of his own doctrine. But in order to clear this point, I would obſerve, that, upon all theatres, the received ſyſtem of religion and morality, however

however erroneous, abſurd, or impious, in a philoſophical view, is the only rule by which a tragic poet can walk, for the ſame reaſon that the only way to convince a man, is by arguing with him upon his own principles. The ancient oracles are now exploded as ſo many impoſtures, and yet were held in the higheſt veneration for ſeveral ages, inſomuch that the contempt of them was accounted a ſin of the deepeſt die. The doctrine of abſolute predeſtination is utterly ſubverſive of all true religion and virtue, and yet it was a received doctrine among the heathens; the Mahometans embrace it univerſally; ſeveral Chriſtians do the ſame; and you will meet with ſomething a-kin to it in the nine and thirty articles. The difficulty of reconciling it with the morality of human actions is a riddle which Oedipus himſelf could not have ſolved: and yet a jury of predeſtinarians, inſtead of acquitting a murderer, would alledge, that the ſame neceſſity which made him offend, obliged them to find him guilty. Another ſtumbling-block to reaſon is, that God ſhould viſit the ſins of the

fathers

fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation *; and "who could bear (ſays Tully) "a legiſlator who ſhould be "the author of ſuch a law?" The ſupreme Legiſlator himſelf is that author, according to the ancients; and the ſame doctrine is inculcated every Sunday upon us, though particularly levelled (as I take it) at ſuch offences, as may be conſtrued affronts to the Divine Majeſty, ſuch as idolatry, blaſphemy, ſacrilege, perjury, &c. By theſe laws, let us try Oedipus: his father, Laius, marries in contradiction to the oracle; his mother, Jocaſta, determines to defeat it, by expoſing him to be devoured by wild beaſts; he fulfills it, by killing him, and marrying her, without knowing his relation to them; knows it afterwards, kills himſelf, and thereby frees his country from the plague, that had long annoyed it on the account of his involuntary parricide and inceſt. In this ſketch, the firſt object that ſtrikes one, is that terrible doctrine of abſolute predeſtination: theſe events were to

* See a note on letter ix, vol. i, p. 43.

take

take place by ſome means or other, if not by thoſe which actually brought them about; for if thoſe very means were decreed, as well as their end, we are to look for the neceſſity of that end in its equally neceſſary means; whence it follows, that the publication of this oracle was the ſole cauſe of its accompliſhment; for if Jocaſta had been a ſtranger to it, ſhe would not have taken the meaſures ſhe did to elude it; by devoting her infant-ſon to deſtruction; the ſhepherd would not have found him; and ſo on to the death of Laius, &c. This ſuppoſition perplexes the caſe not a little; and yet without it, and admitting Oedipus to be brought up under his father's eye, it is inconceivable that a man of his character ſhould kill him, and much more ſo, that he ſhould marry his mother. But, not to loſe ourſelves in "winding fate," Laius marrying in contempt of the oracle, and Jocaſta pretending to get the better of deſtiny itſelf, though at the expence of murdering her own ſon, are grievous offenders, and puniſhed both in themſelves, and in that ſon,

who, notwithſtanding his innocence, is condemned by the laws, that is, by the religion of his country, even though his calamity had, in the courſe of affairs, been independent on the guilt of his parents; whereas here, to qualify it ſtill more, there is ſo cloſe a connection between them, that they cannot be ſeparated; a conſideration, which, in other caſes, as well as thoſe of parents and children, will, by way of exception to a general rule, reconcile us to the diſtreſs of the innocent, occaſioned by their attachment to the guilty: Monimia, for inſtance, is entirely innocent, and yet, though her death moves pity, and ſtrikes terror, we behold it without repining at Providence; her deſtiny is united to that of Caſtalio; ſo that the natural conſequences of his fault are the ruin of both: by involving her in that ruin, he is puniſhed ſtill more ſeverely, than if he had ſuffered alone; the ſenſe of her misfortunes is more grievous to her than death itſelf, which ſhe therefore chuſes as the leaſt of two evils; it is her refuge, and not her puniſhment. But, without ſome ſuch reaſon

as

as this, and in utter defiance of poetical juſtice, to kill an innocent perſon, as Shakeſpear does Cordelia, is "murder," properly ſo called, and therefore I cannot help thinking it horrible and ſhocking. To proceed; if Monimia had reaſon to be weary of life, Oedipus had ſtill more, and though you ſhould truly ſay that the act of killing his father was no crime in him, neither was it a reflection upon Providence to ſuffer it; for Providence had given warning, which Laius neglecting, fell by the hand of his ſon: the ſon, indeed, finding what he had done, breaks out, as you obſerve, into "terrible complaints of his "wickedneſs," but not in cold blood; he ſpeaks the language of deſpair and diſtraction, and is ſo much the more ready to accuſe himſelf, as a caſuiſt will be to acquit him; for let any man of virtue and ſenſibility reflect, what it would be to imbrue his hands, though by miſtake, in the blood of his father; and then for ſeveral years to live in inceſt with his mother; ſuch a one will eaſily imagine, that the remorſe and anguiſh attending theſe

ſhocking facts would purſue him to his grave. Here then we have an innocent man not puniſhed as guilty, but unhappy by a natural conſequence of guilt in his parents, and relieved from his ſufferings by death, which at the ſame time relieves his afflicted country. To your better judgment I ſubmit how far theſe conſiderations ought to juſtify the misfortunes of Oedipus, blameleſs as he is in Dryden, in La Motte, and, I believe, in Corneille; but I much queſtion whether he be ſo in Sophocles, for Rymer, ſpeaking of him there, cries, "*Quantum mutatus* in Corneille and "Dryden!" "He is changed, (ſays Dennis) "and for the worſe, in regard to the "laws of tragedy, by being repreſented, "(what he calls) ſovereignly virtuous;" whereas, in Sophocles, he is made reſponſible for great foibles and blemiſhes of his own, and more particularly (if I remember right) is charged with having miſbehaved himſelf in the very rencounter with Laius: and that (if it be the caſe) will probably be of more weight, than any

thing

thing I have written, to invalidate your objections.

At our leiſure, we will examine Sophocles as to this point; in the mean time I am to aſk your pardon for a letter ſo much longer than that with which I threatened you, but I wanted time to make it ſhorter.

I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

REMARKS,

Occaſioned by the three foregoing letters,

By Mr. HIGHMORE.

MR. Duncombe ſuppoſes Oedipus a man of great and eminent virtues in general, and alſo to have acted worthily, even commendably, in the rencounter with Laius, and not inconſiſtently with the ſtricteſt

morality

morality in his marriage with Jocaſta; in the former caſe, defending himſelf againſt the unmerited inſult of a ſtranger, as he thought; in the latter, eſpouſing a perſon of ſuitable rank, and ignorant of her relationſhip. According to this repreſentation, he ſeems no way guilty, and ought to be treated by all the world, as an innocent perſon, and, in right reaſon, to eſteem himſelf as ſuch.

That he killed his father and married his mother, were after-diſcoveries; ſo that the parricide and inceſt, with which he is charged, were facts, in which he was no more concerned, as a moral and accountable agent, than any indifferent perſon, who bore no relation to them. Thus far I apprehend to be clear and indiſputable, on the genuine principles of natural and rational religion; for otherwiſe, the moſt upright, the moſt religious, and even the moſt circumſpect perſon in the world may not be able to preſerve his innocence, but may become culpable by accidents, wholly out of his power, and impoſſible for him

to

to know or foreſee: than which nothing can be more diſcouraging to a man reſolved on virtue, and endeavouring to render himſelf acceptable to the Deity: for if the beſt intentions, and an uniform courſe of action on the beſt principles, are not ſufficient, virtue becomes impracticable.

If Mr. D's be not a true repreſentation of the caſe and circumſtances of Oedipus, that does not affect the reaſoning above, which will nevertheleſs be applicable to the caſe here repreſented.

Mr. Jeffreys's repreſentation takes in all the circumſtances, and ſituation of Oedipus; as, the prediction of the oracle, his father's marrying in defiance of it, his mother's attempt to elude it, and prevent the threatened conſequences, by expoſing him to deſtruction. And, after theſe crimes of his parents, follow, his killing Laius, and living in inceſt with Jocaſta, whom he now diſcovers to be his father and mother. All this overwhelms him, and he ſees his misfortunes to be inevitable, on the principles of

of the religion and laws of his country, in which he had been educated, and for which he (as well as his fellow citizens) was ſuppoſed to have the higheſt veneration. Thus ſituated, and entangled in theſe calamities, perhaps he could not act otherwiſe than he did, eſpecially as his death was thought a neceſſary expiatory ſacrifice to relieve his country from the plague. But ſurely theſe conſiderations ought not to have weight elſewhere, under other and more rational principles, or become a rule and ſtandard univerſally. His conduct, in theſe laſt ſcenes, was evidently owing to prejudices of education, &c.---for, ſuppoſing all ſuch removed, and that an innocent man (as he really was) reſolved to act on the principles of right reaſon, might he not conſider the death of his father as providential, or as a puniſhment from heaven for his crimes, and as effected by the hand of a ſtranger; and, with reſpect to himſelf, as a natural loſs only? As for Jocaſta, ſhe was his lawful wife while he was ignorant of the relationſhip; and, as ſoon as he became ſenſible of it, he ſhould have quitted her. Q.

Whether,

Whether, all prejudice and cuſtoms laid aſide, he might not have acted thus? And, though he could not have been ſo happy as if none of theſe events had come to paſs, yet he might have been leſs unhappy than many others of the human ſpecies, particularly than ſuch as are conſcious of real guilt, and whoſe misfortunes do not make them think death preferable to life. The opinion of the world is out of the caſe; for that is ſuppoſed here, as conformable to the reaſon of things, as is the opinion of the perſon in queſtion; and, for the ſame reaſon, glory will not be any motive to quit life.

As for Monimia, and others abſolutely innocent, being involved in the miſery, procured by the guilt of thoſe, to whom they may be either by nature, choice, or otherwiſe indiſſolubly attached, theſe are, of all others, the moſt to be pitied, and lamented; but are no examples from which any moral can be drawn of uſe to ſuch as may be in like circumſtances, becauſe their misfortunes being utterly inevitable, and

brought on them by no crime of their own, can be no proper warning to any; and to ſay that "Caſtalio and other guilty "perſons are more ſeverely puniſhed by the "effects of their crimes, reaching to the in-"nocent," how true ſoever this may be in fact, yet equity would revolt at it, and chuſe ſome other means of puniſhing the criminal with the ſeverity he may deſerve, rather than involve the guiltleſs, if the nature of things will admit of it; and, if it will not, that is another topic, to which this argument does not neceſſarily lead, ſince we are here conſidering only poetical juſtice. But this may naturally occaſion a retroſpect to the caſe of Clariſſa, mentioned in the beginning of the former letter, where it is ſaid, that, "if ſhe is un-"fortunate without being criminal, her "cataſtrophe ſtands condemned, &c. *" Not ſurely on "Chriſtian" principles, for ſhe will be made ample amends in another world. She does not finiſh unfortunately, in the author's own opinion, but glorioufly

* See p. 192.

and

and triumphantly, and is exceedingly happy in her aſſured expectation of eternal felicity; the conſideration of which not only alleviates her preſent misfortunes, and comforts her under them, but, according to her own ſentiments, renders her ſituation rather to be envied, than pitied. Not to inſiſt on what the ſame gentleman ſays of "the dark diſpenſations of Providence recorded in hiſtory, which we find too often there, to wiſh for them elſewhere; and for which (he ſays) we muſt account in the beſt manner we can;" perhaps Clariſſa's is the "beſt manner" of accounting for them; that is, on the principles of revelation, referring to a future ſtate. But whether it be ſo or not, theſe things are in the courſe of Providence confeſſed by theſe very records, and ſhould not morals be rather drawn from things as they are, than as they may be imagined? Theſe latter reflections ariſe from the principles of our religion, and are propoſed as to Chriſtians, who are taught in this manner to account for all ſuch diſpenſations; and, if it be not thought ſatisfactory, we

have no way left but that of univerſal reaſon, or the light of nature, to direct our reaſonings and our conduct.

J. H.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Mr. Jeffreys to Mr. Duncombe.

Sept. 21, 1749.

. . . . I HAVE juſt finiſhed Clariſſa, and am extremely pleaſed with it. By what I have heard of the author's ſtation in life, one would wonder how he could enter ſo well into characters ſo much above it, and ſupport that of Lovelace, for inſtance, with ſo much wit and humour, ſuch ſpirit and gaiety throughout. Clariſſa herſelf, in my opinion, does not do him ſo much credit as a painter. But, after all, the ſtory is too melancholy for me. I admire the

the execution of his plan, but not the plan itſelf. I wiſh I did "admire" it, for then I ſhould be as much a ſaint as Clariſſa was; a Chriſtian in earneſt, I hope, I am; and therefore, with the author in his poſtſcript, will "envy," if he pleaſes, the triumphant death of Clariſſa, as the moſt deſirable concluſion of a life ſo unfortunate as hers; but the queſtion is, whether, taking her misfortunes and her death together, ſhe is to be envied; or, in other words, how many there are who would wiſh themſelves in her place. What I mean by this is, that the work can be of no general uſe, as the majority of readers (not excepting the clergy themſelves,) can never be reconciled to the ſufferings of Clariſſa in this life, by the proſpect of her happineſs in another; though there may be many, both among the clergy and laity, who are hypocrites enough to pretend the contrary.

Another objection is, that the ſtory does not make good the title-page, and is "no "caution" againſt miſconduct either in parents

parents or children with regard to marriage; for if a daughter, whom her parents would oblige to marry againſt her inclination, were to remind them of Clariſſa's father, the anſwer, I ſuppoſe, would be, "that ſhe herſelf was no Clariſſa, and there-"fore had no title to cite the precedent;" and if ſhe ſhould run away with her lover; "what ſignifies duty (ſhe might ſay,) and "every other good quality in woman, ſince "Clariſſa, dutiful as ſhe was and every "way excellent, met with ſo ſevere a de-"ſtiny?" I think, the caſe is fairly ſtated, for Clariſſa, conſidering her great delicacy, was not diſobedient in refuſing two or three matches which ſhe could not like: it was enough, that ſhe had no great inclination to marriage, and was reſolved "never" to marry without the conſent of her parents. Her judgment might be wrong, (and was ſo in ſome other material inſtances,) but her heart was entirely right, and no diſobedience lies at her door.

But farther: In Clariſſa, who was all perfection, it was delicacy, not judgment, to

to expect the ſame perfection, or to cenſure the want of it, in Miſs Howe, and others.

To that delicacy, and to her ſincerity, ſhe ſacrifices her prudence, by acting, in a ſituation of ſo much diſtreſs, as if ſhe were in none, and thereby loſes the only opportunity of ſaving herſelf by taking refuge among the ladies of Lovelace's family, becauſe ſhe aimed at ſomething better, without ſuſpecting a great deal worſe, as ſhe had reaſon to do, though not the very worſt which might and did actually happen to her.

Her playing faſt and looſe with her lover, in regard to her appointments for meeting, before he carried her off, are out of character, and particularly where ſhe writes him word, that "ſhe will meet him "*unleſs ſhe alters her mind.*"

Her apprehenſions of the ill effects attending her father's curſe, have a leaven of ſuperſtition.

Her

Her lover's generous behaviour to the *Roſe-bud*, whoſe mother confided in his honour, was known to Clariſſa; and, enforced as it was by the power her going off with him had given him over her, ſhould, in all reaſon, have made her place that timely confidence in him which would have ſet him right, and might have ended in a happy marriage.

Beſides the intrinſic merit of the work, the author has ſecured the patronage of the ladies, by the perfection he aſcribes to Clariſſa, (as he did before to Pamela,) and of the clergy, by the religious turn of his work, her aſpirations, and multiplied texts of ſcripture on every occaſion.

G. J.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Highmore's letter * entertained me very agreeably, and I wiſh you could have left it in my hands for ſome time, that I might have conſidered it with the attention it deſerves. The tranſient view I had of it allows me nothing more, than to make a few curſory remarks upon ſuch paſſages in it as I can recollect; in order to which I ſhall premiſe, that as far as I underſtand poetical juſtice, for which I am an advocate, it is by no means a puniſhment juſt adequate to the crime, and nothing farther; for, at that rate, the offender could have little or no title to compaſſion, and the examples of juſtice in our circuits and ſeſſions would be upon the

* See p. 143.

ſame foot with thoſe of the theatre; whereas it is the province of tragedy to humble our pride, and awaken our caution, by puniſhing tranſgreſſions out of the reach of human laws; and to that end, the hand of Providence is to be viſible in conducting "venial offenders," by natural and neceſſary ſteps to the extremity of misfortune: by this means the ſufferer, who is puniſhed ſo much beyond the meaſure of his offence, becomes the object of pity, and withal ſtrikes terror, by bringing the example home in the puniſhment of thoſe faults and miſtakes, to which we are all liable. Upon this foundation I muſt beg leave to differ from Mr. H. where he ſays, that "equity "would revolt at it, and chuſe ſome other "means of puniſhing the criminal with the "ſeverity he may deſerve, rather than in-"volve the guiltleſs, if the nature of "things will admit of it;" to which I an-"ſwer, that according to the ſtory "it "cannot be avoided;" and I am not ſorry for it; for involving the innocent Monimia in his misfortune, adds to his puniſhment, which is the point in view, and makes it the

the more exemplary; and her death, being her own choice, as I obſerved in my former letter, is no "puniſhment," but her "re-"lief" from a misfortune unavoidably brought upon her by Caſtalio's fault. I conſider the death of Oedipus in the ſame light, viz. as the puniſhment of his own offence, or of the offences of his parents in him; of his own offence, if he miſbehaved in his rencounter with Laius; of theirs, in tranſgreſſing the religion of their country. Mr. H. thinks that "Oe-"dipus, not intending either inceſt or "parricide, was under no neceſſity of "killing himſelf upon the diſcovery of "what he had done, but might have lived "afterwards with a ſafe conſcience;" and ſo he might under the torture of the ſtone; but is life to be wiſhed upon ſuch terms? Or rather, does not the remorſe attending ſuch facts, however ignorantly committed, bear too hard upon human nature to make that choice poſſible, which Oedipus ſhould have made, according to Mr. H.? Another thing advanced by him is, that "morals ſhould be drawn from incidents "in life as they really happen, rather than

"as they may be imagined;" and ſo far Ariſtotle agrees with him, as to ſay, that "ſtories on the ſtage ſhould be told as they "were reported to have been, or as they "ſhould have been;" by the laſt diviſion he is underſtood to mean, "as good men "could have wiſhed them to have happened "for the ſervice of virtue." But this relates to hiſtory. If Mr. H. means that ſtories may be invented to caſt a damp upon virtue, as well as to encourage it, becauſe ſuch things happen in real life, I believe he will meet with few fictions upon that plan, nor can I well conceive what good end they can anſwer, I mean, within the ſphere of mortality, for to that I confine my doctrine. The caſe is altered if you take in another world, and entertain an audience, or a reader, with examples of martyrdom. I agree therefore with Mr. H. that "reve-"lation reconciles us to the ſufferings of "Clariſſa," of whom I ſaid, in a former letter, that "ſhe ſtands condemned by the "rules of poetical juſtice, if ſhe is pu-"niſhed without being faulty;" but upon reading the book, which I had not done then, I find that ſhe is not puniſhed, or,

in

in a chriſtian ſenſe, unfortunate; the full aſſurance, that ſhe ſhall be happy hereafter, makes her ſo before-hand; ſhe enjoys, as ſhe ſays herſelf, the proſpect of death; and a triumphant one it is, as Mr. H. expreſſes it, for it is the death of a martyr to the inhumanity of her relations and her lover, and to her own chaſtity and virtue. In this view I could almoſt ſay, I pity Lovelace, with all his guilt, more than the divine Clariſſa. Perhaps I ſhould have been better pleaſed, with lady Bradſhaigh * and numbers more, if the ſtory had taken a happy turn; but *de guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*; and never did any author receive ſo much credit from oppoſition to his plan, as Mr. Richardſon; for if the lady I have mentioned had acquieſced in the original ſcheme, ſhe could not have diſcovered that high opinion of the merit of the work in general, which is ſo apparent in her uncommon zeal to adapt it to her own taſte. "To be "envied, not imitated," was the motto of

* The lady of ſir Roger Bradſhaigh, bart. of Haigh in Lancaſhire.

a celebrated artiſt upon his ſtatue. I apply the ſame to Clariſſa, not to cenſure the deſign, but to do juſtice to the execution of it, and am, with compliments to the author when you ſee him, dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

G. J.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Mr. Duncombe to Mr. Jeffreys.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 2, 1750.

SINCE it has been ſurmiſed that Oedipus killed Laius in a diſhonourable manner, which, if true, would in ſome meaſure reconcile the puniſhment of him with poetical juſtice, I beg leave to ſet down the account of that action as it is related by Oedipus himſelf in Sophocles, act iii, ſcene 4.

" The

" The man," ſays he, " who preceded " his maſter, endeavoured forcibly to drive " me out of the road; upon which I ſtruck " the forward ſlave; and advancing, the " old man in a fury laſhed me twice over " the head with his rowelled whip. Thus " provoked, with a ſingle blow I brought " him from his chariot, and he dropped " down dead at my feet."

This is the whole account, which I refer to your farther conſideration. I am of opinion, that the extravagant anguiſh and ſhocking puniſhment of Oedipus cannot be juſtified but by topical arguments, if I may ſo ſpeak. I think you have offered as much as can be urged on that ſide of the queſtion. I am pleaſed with the ingenuity of the advocate; but not convinced.

What you ſay about " poetical juſtice in " general" ſeems to me preciſely right and conſonant to reaſon; but as to the particular caſe of Oedipus, I will only offer one remark on a ſingle paſſage in your letter.

By

By your comparing the anguiſh of Oedipus's mind, under the commiſſion of an involuntary fault, to the torture ſuffered by a man in a fit of the ſtone, it ſhould ſeem as if you thought the one as neceſſary and unavoidable as the other; which I hope and believe is not the caſe.

With regard to the body, it muſt indeed be allowed, as one of the characters in Milton juſtly argues,

> " That pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
> " Of evils, and exceſſive overturns
> " All patience.——

But God forbid, we ſhould be ſo little indebted to Providence, and of ſuch a wretched frame, as at any time to ſuffer neceſſarily extreme anguiſh of mind without any guilt or moral blemiſh!

The opinion of the Stoics is well known, and thus expreſſed by Horace,

Hoc

Hoc ſatis eſt orare Jovem, qui donat et aufert,
Det vitam, det opes; æquum mî animum ipſe parabo.

Let heaven but life and riches for me find,
And to myſelf I'll give an eaſy mind.

And though the dominion over the paſſions may not extend ſo far as the Stoics imagined, it is to be hoped that nature has at leaſt put it into every man's power, by the due uſe of his rational faculties, to correct ſuch evils as ariſe merely from ſuperſtitious notions.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

W. D.

LETTER CXL.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE

DEAR SIR, Biddeſden *, Aug. 30, 1750.

YOU expect this letter from my laſt to your ſon. Upon a review of Mr. Highmore's letter, I find the thoughts to be very well digeſted, and clearly expreſſed, and withal that I have already anſwered him in the main, as far as I am capable of doing it: ſo that I ſhall take my leave of him with one or two ſhort remarks. Speaking of the falſe notions which prevailed at Thebes, he adds †, (what I readily admit) "But ſurely theſe conſiderations ought "not to have weight elſewhere, under "other and more rational principles, or "become a rule and ſtandard univerſally;"

* Near Andover, Hants, a ſeat of the late duke of Chandos.

† See p. 145.

and

and a little farther, "Q. Whether, all "cuſtoms and prejudices laid aſide, he "might not have acted thus?" The anſwer is, that "cuſtoms and prejudices" are not to be "laid aſide," but adopted, in a tragedy calculated to inſtruct people by ſtriking in with their "cuſtoms and preju-"dices." The Greeks told Darius, that they abhorred the thought of ſwallowing the remains of their parents, as the Barbarians did; and thoſe Barbarians equally abhorred the practice of the Greeks in reducing theirs to aſhes, and incloſing them in urns. Neither of theſe opinions is of any weight with us; but we will take the firſt of them, and ſuppoſe that in a tragedy repreſented to an audience of theſe Barbarians, the principal character tranſgreſſing the law and cuſtom of his country, by burning his father's remains, inſtead of ſwallowing them, were to meet with ſome grievous misfortune; this misfortune attending the breach of a ſuppoſed duty, would be a proper leſſon of filial reverence to ſuch an audience; and even the Greeks, who allowed the action to be

right in itſelf, would condemn it for being committed in oppoſition to the law and belief of the country, where the ſcene lay. In regard to Monimia and others in her circumſtances, "no moral can be drawn "of uſe to them," ſays Mr. H. and there likewiſe I agree with him; but the moral uſe of misfortunes befalling the "inno-"cent," is a caution to the "guilty," as often as the innocent are unavoidably involved in tragical conſequences of their guilt; and ſo much added to what I wrote before for the controverſy between me and Mr. H. who ſuppoſes Oedipus to be "en-"tirely innocent," according to your repreſentation of the rencounter with Laius; "but," adds he, "if this repreſentation "is not a true one, that does not affect "the reaſoning above;" which brings me to your account of it from Sophocles. Oedipus, a foundling of no rank whatſoever, and travelling by himſelf, meets Laius, a perſon of diſtinction, as appears by his being attended by three or four ſervants; one of them, in right of his maſter, endeavours to force Oedipus out of the road;

Oedipus

Oedipus ſtrikes him, and advances to Laius, who being enraged at the blow given his ſervant, laſhes Oedipus twice over the head with his rowelled whip; upon which Oedipus firſt kills him, and then his ſervants who endeavoured to revenge him. This (you ſay) is Oedipus's own ſtory; and it appears hereby, that the quarrel began by his diſputing the road, where he had no ſort of title to it; ſo that all the miſchief which enſued, lies at his door: he was the aggreſſor, and Laius only upon the defenſive, when he laſhed him with his whip. In a word, I can view him in no other light than that of a boiſterous ruffian, not intending indeed to commit murder, but hurried into it from the violence of his temper, and ſuch a mixture of reſentment and inſolence as made him treſpaſs upon all the rules of decency and common prudence, and, allowing him a ſhare of humanity and reflection, we muſt ſuppoſe that this day's work was a dead weight upon his ſpirits from the time it happened, without waiting for the diſcovery afterwards made of his having murdered.

dered his father; ſo that inſtead of being "entirely innocent," he is guilty to a degree almoſt out of the reach of pity: to which his chief title is, that the fact was committed ſome years before his appearance on the ſtage, under all the diſtreſs and compunction which it would naturally create in him, upon finding out the relationſhip between him and Laius: in this light we have no occaſion to juſtify his misfortunes by the third commandment; his parents are out of the queſtion, and out of his own mouth, he is juſtly and heavily charged for his own crimes.

Not that I can give up my compariſon between an involuntary fault and a fit of the ſtone, after explaining myſelf, by allowing that ſome involuntary faults occaſion no anguiſh at all, nor can I imagine the very worſt of them to occaſion it in any degree equal to a fit of the ſtone; though they may have in common the quality of making a man heartily tired of life, as ſome among us have been, not that life was a torment, but purely becauſe it was become

become inſipid. "It is to be hoped," (ſay you, rather "wiſhed" ſay I) "that every "man has it in his power, by the due "uſe of his rational faculties, to correct "ſuch evils as ariſe merely from ſuperſti-"tious notions;" and conſequently it would be a ſhame for any one to be made unhappy (though many are ſo) by omens, dreams, &c. as all fears, ariſing from ſuch cauſes, are, or ought to be, ſubject to the controul of reaſon, which, in regard to matters within its ſphere, is a proper guide, notwithſtanding the pains taken to decry it by ſome authors, and particularly Cicero, who queſtions whether it would not have been more eligible for mankind to have been wholly without the uſe of it, than to have had it attended with ſuch pernicious conſequences. But, without running into this extreme, it muſt be owned that there are myſteries above it in philoſophy as well as in religion; in regard to which the beſt ſervice it can do us, is to quit the field, inſtead of contending where it is ſure to be overcome. What I here mean are the ſecret operations of nature upon particular conſti-

conſtitutions, ſometimes through the whole courſe of a man's life, as in the caſe of antipathies; and ſometimes in ſingle inſtances only, as when a lady of my acquaintance fainted away at the ſight of her father's murderer, without hearing him named, without knowing him, and without any expectation of ſeeing him. I have more than once heard the ſtory, with all theſe circumſtances, from the lady's own mouth, and, conſidering the natural connection between her and her father, I can account for it better than I could for her falling into a cold ſweat at the ſight of a cat, or on a cat's being in the room, whether ſhe had ſeen it or no: nor can I doubt but that the ſame connection would have operated as ſtrongly by ſympathy, if it had been this lady's misfortune to kill her father by an accident entirely innocent. There are tempers ſo tender and ſenſible as to ſink under ſuch a calamity, and never recover themſelves afterwards. The perſon whom I ſuppoſe in this ſituation, would admit that he had been guilty of no fault, and apprehended no puniſhment; his cha-

grin

grin therefore would not be the effect of a ſuperſtitious unreaſonable notion, but of a natural impreſſion prevailing againſt his reaſon. There is no accounting for ſympathy and antipathy; but they are as little to be queſtioned or reſiſted, as they are to be explained: ſome of our moſt received opinions are chiefly ſupported by them. Nature (for example) has implanted in us a principle of ſelf-preſervation, or it ſhrinks at the thought of diſſolution; and hence ariſe the general abhorrence and condemnation of ſelf-murder, though in ſeveral caſes that might be put by a rational man, the reaſon of the thing is for it: but "nature," ſays Thucydides, "is a higher principle "than reaſon;" on which ſentiment Father Rapin exclaims, in a kind of rapture, "There is admirable ſenſe! a profound "reflection!"

Some part of this letter may want an apology, as, to the beſt of my remembrance, it is little more than a repetition of what I wrote formerly in vindication of thoſe poets who have repreſented Oedipus

innocent, and yet have ſent him out of the world, partly in mercy to a wretch who could no longer live comfortably in it, and partly as a ſacrifice to the ſins of his parents. As for Sophocles, I take his conduct to be unqueſtionably juſtified in puniſhing Oedipus for a heinous offence of his own, at the ſame time that he makes him a proper object of terror and compaſſion. . . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate humble ſervant,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER

LETTER CXLI.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Stocks *, Sept. 4, 1759.

I HAVE read yours of the 30th ult. with great pleaſure, on which I ſhall only make a few remarks *en paſſant*.

The inſtance you give, from the Greek hiſtory, of the different ſentiments of the Greeks and Barbarians † is extremely well adapted to ſhew the juſtneſs and propriety of what I call "topical reaſoning" in tragedy.

The caſe is not quite fairly ſtated with regard to "Oedipus, a foundling, of no "rank whatſoever, &c. ‡" Though this

* In Hertfordſhire, the ſeat of Arnold Duncombe, eſq.

† See p. 163. ‡ p. 164.

was the fact, he thought himſelf the ſon of the king and queen of Corinth, which might naturally raiſe his ſpirits, for he could not divine his own hiſtory. He ſeems to have been too raſh and violent, and was ſo far culpable. But to ſay, that, in this ſingle inſtance, he is guilty " to a degree, almoſt " out of the reach of pity *," is putting the argument to the torture.

An offence of this kind, if tried by an Engliſh jury, would, I believe, have been deemed only " man-ſlaughter," ſince it is plain there could be no " malice prepenſe."

Cicero is ſo thoroughly an academic, that his opinion has no more weight with me than the reaſons he alledges will give it. There ſeems to be ſomething very curious in the ſtory you allude to †. I ſhould be glad to have a more particular account of it, and the name of the lady, *ſi licet*.

* p. 166. † p. 168.

As

As to the doctrine of ſympathies and antipathies, I muſt leave it under the cloud with which it is envelopped. Yet as to "real" (not "affected") antipathies, I believe they may be accounted for in a mechanical way. I do not underſtand the meaning of the word "ſympathy," and can therefore ſay nothing to that; nor do I underſtand this ſentence in your letter, "Some of our moſt received opinions "are ſupported by ſympathy and antipa-"thy."

As to what you inſtance in ſuicide, it is a tender ſubject to diſcuſs. "Nature (you "ſay) ſhrinks at the thought of diſſolu-"tion." It does ſo, while we are in a ſtate of eaſe and pleaſure, but not ſurely if we were in a ſtate of exquiſite pain, and there appeared no poſſible way of eſcaping from it but by diſſolution: for nature, in that caſe, would fly to death as an aſylum; and if (as you ſay) "ſeveral inſtances "might be put, in which the reaſon of the

"thing

"thing is for ſuicide *," (and in this I agree with you,) nature cannot be againſt it; for (notwithſtanding the profound reflection of Thucydides) nature and reaſon (ſtrictly ſpeaking) are never at variance, ſince it is the buſineſs of reaſon to regulate only, and not extinguiſh, our natural affections. But if they muſt be ſuppoſed to differ, the making nature a higher principle

* Let it be remembered, that this is ſaid with a reference to this life only: for extending our views to a future, an eternal ſtate, what can be more cowardly than to abandon the ſtation (however irkſome) in which Providence has placed us, and what vengeance muſt be expected to await the deſerters, who ruſh unſummoned, unprepared, into the preſence of their Maker!

——— *Quam vellent æthere in alto*
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
Æn. vi.

——————— How would they joy
Once more to viſit earth; and though oppreſs'd
With all that pain and famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life! ———
Dr. Glynn's Day of Judgment.

than

than reaſon, is ſetting the cart before the horſe. Reaſon is allowed by Hobbes himſelf to be "a part of nature,"---*Recta ratio, cum non minus ſit pars naturæ humanæ quam quælibet alia facultas vel affectus animi, naturalis quoque dicitur.*

De Cive, lib. iii, c. 2.

In other places, indeed, he confines "nature" to the animal affections of fear, deſire, anger, and the like, which are born with us.

Ibid. in præf.

But it is not my buſineſs to reconcile this author with himſelf. Caſes may poſſibly ariſe in which wiſe and good men will, with Brutus, be forced to renounce the principles they embraced in a full flow of health and ſpirits; we ſhould therefore be cautious in cenſuring the conduct of others. *To their own maſter they ſtand or fall.*

I muſt repeat what I have ſaid in a former letter, that Oedipus could be no proper example to deter others in the like circumſtances

cumſtances from the like crimes, becauſe he is every where repreſented by the poet as acting under the influence of an inevitable decree of the gods, or, in other words, as a mere machine or puppet.

I am, my good friend,

Moſt affectionately yours,

W. D.

If "puniſhment" be rightly defined, by Puffendorff *, (as I think it is) to be "the "pain or anguiſh which a perſon ſuffers by "the command of a ſuperior, on account "of ſome evil deed, which he has volun-"tarily committed," it is plain, that a perſon who is acted upon, or driven, by an irreſiſtible decree of the gods, can be no object of "puniſhment."

* *De officio hominis et civis, lib. ii, c.* 13, *ſ.* 4.

LETTER

LETTER CXLII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

THIS anſwer to your laſt has been due ſome time. I did (as you ſay) "put the "argument to the torture," by having forgotten, that Oedipus was the king of Corinth's ſuppoſed ſon, and therefore a proper object of pity, by not being "inexcu-"ſably raſh" (though raſh enough in all conſcience) in not giving way, as he certainly ſhould have done, and as, I believe, his majeſty himſelf on horſeback would do to you, or any other of his loving ſubjects, in a chariot: as the caſe ſtands, Oedipus (as you ſay) would have been found guilty of "man-ſlaughter" only, and could not have pleaded in arreſt of judgment, that he was a puppet; for, as I have formerly obſerved, juſtice muſt have its courſe; and if I rob you on the highway, the judge

will give his charge, and the jury bring in their verdict, to hang me, by the ſame neceſſity which made me a felon.

The inſtance I gave, ſupported by ſympathy and antipathy, was the opinion, that it is our duty to live as long as we can by the courſe of nature and Providence, and a ſin to put an end to that being, which God has beſtowed upon us, by a violent death; and this opinion being but lamely ſupported by reaſon in ſeveral caſes that may happen, I reſolve it into ſympathy and antipathy, by which I do not mean, in this place, what is ſtrictly underſtood by them; but take theſe words in a larger ſenſe, as they import any ſtrong and natural inclination or averſion: it is true, the natural averſion to loſs of being may give way to that exceſs of torture, which ſhall make a man ſhoot himſelf in a fit of the ſtone; but it will hold good againſt reaſon, and does ſo every day in ſeveral inſtances between your two extremes of eaſe and pleaſure on the one hand, and exquiſite pain on the other; and as often as this is fact,

fact, that nature makes unhappy men prolong their being, where reaſon prompts them to put an end to it, ſo often, with ſubmiſſion, they are, ſtrictly ſpeaking, at variance: nor is it an argument to the contrary to ſay, that "it is the buſineſs of "reaſon to regulate, not extinguiſh, our "natural affections," unleſs you can likewiſe ſay, that reaſon is equal to its buſineſs, which, I am afraid, is far from being the caſe. I doubt, the affections, inſtead of being "the cart before the horſe," are the wild horſe running away with the cart, and toſſing the poor carter, reaſon, into the mire; or ſuppoſing the horſe to be tolerably quiet and tractable, yet if the carter is unſkilful, he overturns his machine by driving it againſt a bank, or into a ditch; or, in other words, if reaſon is not extinguiſhed by the paſſions, it is in many ſo weak and defective as to be ſubſervient to them, and to take its bias, though imperceptibly, from them. A man the moſt free from paſſions in appearance may call his phlegm wiſdom, and yet ſhall be deceived by the ſecret motions of ſelf-love, and

plume himſelf upon a real vice under the ſhow of virtue; as when a preacher gratifies his own vanity, by an excellent ſermon againſt the vanity of others. Right reaſon is a very valuable treaſure, and every man has it, if you believe him; but *quot homines, tot ſententiæ*, diſproves the claim. I would, with a certain emperor *, worſhip a reaſonable man, but firſt ſhew me where he is. Reaſon, commonly ſo called, is nothing more than opinion,

—— "the twinkling lamp
"Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,
"Fooling the follower between ſhade and ſhining †;

Or, as another author ‡ deſcribes it, "A "double-edged weapon, wounding either "way in the hands of its greateſt maſters; "a tincture almoſt equally infuſed into all "our opinions;" and then for its influence,

* An inca of Peru.

† Mourning Bride, act iii, ſcene 1.

‡ Montaigne's eſſays.

conſider

conſider how little it has been from the beginning of the world to this day; and where is the difference between ſaying a man never "is" well, and ſaying he never "can" be well? Or between ſaying, the paſſions of mankind in general never "were," or "will be," regulated, by reaſon; and ſaying, they never "can be" regulated by it? And ſo much for reaſon as a regulator of the affections; but ſuppoſing, not allowing, it to be ſo in the main, the queſtion between you and me remains as it was: for in joining with Thucydides to call nature "a higher principle than rea-"ſon," I did not mean thoſe paſſions "which," you ſay, "it is the buſineſs of "reaſon to regulate," and which, I own, it does regulate now and then, but thoſe "ſecret operations" (as I expreſſed myſelf) which are entirely out of its reach; for not to repeat what I ſaid of ſympathy and antipathy, not affected but real, as undoubtedly they often are, I would obſerve to you, that a man trying to walk over a plank, two foot broad, laid acroſs a broken arch of a bridge very high, would fall into

into the river, and yet had room enough to walk directly forward, and accordingly could have done it with eaſe, for a mile together, upon a path half as broad through a level ground; yet it would be hard to cenſure this poor creature for loſing his life through fear, which he ought to have regulated by reaſon, eſpecially as he was a philoſopher, which we will ſuppoſe to be the caſe. The love of children to parents, and ſtill more that of parents to children, muſt be allowed to baffle reaſon in general, and, over and above ſuch ſurprizing effects of that relation, as that which I mentioned in my former letter, add to this a natural connection, as it were, between grief and misfortune, when a man has been known to be dejected to the laſt degree, at the very inſtant of a friend's or relation's death a hundred miles off, and without any previous notice of his being in danger of it; add likewiſe an extraordinary power of divination in ſome people on ſome occaſions, and more eſpecially on a death-bed: but above all, add the ſuperiority of nature, where it ſupplies the want of reaſon,

as

as in brutes by way of inſtinct, to which we owe much more valuable diſcoveries in phyſic than to human ſagacity. As therefore nature, in ſome of theſe inſtances, abſolutely controuls and ſuperſedes reaſon, as in others, it goes much farther, and as in all it is wholly incomprehenſible by it, give me leave to conclude, that "nature is a "higher principle than reaſon."

If you ſhould be of opinion, that what I have delivered is erroneous, or even abſurd, you muſt remember, in my excuſe, that *humanum eſt errare*, and that "abſur-"dity is the privilege of a reaſonable crea-"ture."

I am,

My dear Mr. Duncombe's

moſt affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER

LETTER CXLIII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Biddeſdon, Sept. 23, 1750.

I THANK you for the papers, and have read them with pleaſure; as you deſire my ſentiments upon them, they are as follows:

In regard to my former letters, "involuntary faults," an expreſſion not originally mine, are, to the beſt of my remembrance, obſerved by me, to imply a contradiction, unleſs "involuntary" be applied to the unforeſeen conſequences of the fact, and not to the fact itſelf, which muſt be "voluntary" to be a fault.

After the firſt quotation from Ariſtotle, follows what Mr. Sharp* calls a "literal

* Of C. C. C. Cambridge, afterwards D. D. and rector of St. Mary Abchurch and St. Laurence Pountney, London. He died March 27, 1772.

"tran-

" tranſlation:" but to begin with επιεικεις, I will not be poſitive, after having dropped my acquaintance with Greek, I ſhall not ſay, for how many years, but I take it properly to ſignify " meek" or " gentle." However, what Ariſtotle means by it, in this place, ought to be perfectly underſtood, and therefore Q. if it be rightly tranſlated " remarkably good men?" Mr. Sharp ſays, that " puniſhing a very wicked " man may give mankind ſome pleaſure," whereas Ariſtotle ſays, " it may ſhew a " love to mankind," το φιλανθρωπον. Again, I take Ariſtotle's διαφερον to mean " excel- " ling," without " remarkably," which ſeems to be added as an authority from Ariſtotle for murdering good men upon the ſtage, provided they are not " remark- " ably" good. Laſtly, what is αμαρτια? If " error," is it of that ſort, which, being unavoidable, ſhall not in the leaſt diſcredit a man's underſtanding or honeſty? Or is it an error in judgment only? It can be neither of theſe, as they are both compatible with the character of επιεικες, and the misfortunes attending them will not produce

the το φοβερον, or the ελεεινον, but the μιαρον: by αμαρτια therefore, Ariſtotle, to be conſiſtent with himſelf, muſt mean "faulty" errors, as derived from that faulty character, which, being in the middle between virtue and vice, he makes the foundation of pity and fear: but "error," without any addition, is ſo far from ſuperſeding "involuntary "fault," as an adequate, clear, and preciſe idea, that nothing more indefinite and vague can be well imagined. Mr. Sharp promiſes indeed to illuſtrate his meaning in the tragedies mentioned by Mr. Addiſon, and does it in the Orphan, but in ſuch a manner, as would very much miſlead any perſon who had not read the play: for, according to him, here are two very honeſt young gentlemen, one of them guilty of an inconſiderable error, in not acquainting his brother that he was married, and the other, properly ſpeaking, guilty of no error at all, though under a miſtake indeed in believing, what any one in his circumſtances muſt have believed, that he was only beforehand with his double-dealing brother in lying with a proſtitute. But

Mr.

Mr. Sharp forgets, that there was a time when this Polydore had reaſon to think better of her, and yet endeavoured to debauch her under his father's roof and protection, in defiance of duty, hoſpitality, and honour; and, as to Caſtalio's "inconſiderable error," he himſelf was ſo far from quieting his conſcience under that notion, that, in the beginning of that ſcene where he kills Polydore, he takes ſhame to himſelf very plentifully,

"I made a contract I ne'er meant to keep;"

and a little farther,

"Still new ways I ſtudy'd to abuſe thee."

How candid is your friend to call theſe "inconſiderable errors!" In ſhort, both brothers are ſo faulty, with all their good qualities, as to anſwer Ariſtotle's deſign of exciting pity and fear very happily: and if, notwithſtanding this, Mr. Addiſon thought Caſtalio a virtuous innocent character, no body will diſpute it with him, but a dealer in verbal diſtinctions.

Ariſtotle,

Ariſtotle, in the ſecond quotation from him, is quite conſiſtent with what he advanced in the firſt, and declares for tragedies compoſed on a few family events "according to art." Then follows the point in view, which is, to reconcile Ariſtotle and Addiſon: they agree in preferring ſome of thoſe tragedies which are quoted by Addiſon, and end unfortunately; becauſe I take them to be built on Ariſtotle's model, viz. the Orphan, Theodoſius, and All for Love; but they differ in regard to thoſe tragedies which end not only unfortunately, but iniquitouſly and ſhockingly; for Ariſtotle, by his own doctrine, is bound to reject them, and Addiſon has manifeſtly eſpouſed them in the caſe of Deſdemona, who is quite innocent, and more flagrantly ſtill in that of Cordelia, who is not only innocent, but exemplary for filial duty, and not even the leaſt ſhadow of an error (if that were of any conſequence) appears againſt her, but a monſtrous one in Shakeſpear for dealing ſo inhumanly by her. In a word, there neither is nor can be any thing of the το μιαρον in the

the conduct of a tragic poet, if this is not ſo almoſt beyond example. But what ſays Mr. Addiſon? Why truly, "the play is "ſpoiled by Tate's alteration, becauſe it "ſaves and rewards Cordelia, by a chime-"rical notion of poetical juſtice." Under favour, poetical juſtice is ſo far from being "a chimera," that it ſpares, or ought to ſpare, every innocent perſon. Indeed, where a fault is committed, poetical juſtice ſhall go much farther, though by natural ſteps, in its puniſhment, than the meaſure of it requires; otherwiſe, there would be no room for that pity, which is due to thoſe "who bear misfortunes which they do not "deſerve;" in which paſſage, Ariſtotle, to agree with himſelf, muſt not mean the innocent, but thoſe whoſe misfortunes are far ſhort of their ſufferings. To conclude; what I have here ſaid may be ſummed up in the two following propoſitions:

PROP. I.

No two things can be more diametrically oppoſite than Ariſtotle's doctrine and Addiſon's declaration for Shakeſpear's Lear.

PROP.

PROP. 2.

Ariſtotle does not differ more from Addiſon than from himſelf, if "error," *quatenus* error, is a literal tranſlation of αμαρτια, and conſequently, a proper ground of tragical events, as it deſtroys his doctrine at once, by confounding, what he has ſo expreſsly diſtinguiſhed, the "terrible and "pitiable" with the "iniquitous."

Yours, &c.

G. J.

LETTER

LETTER CXLIV.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Part of a letter.

Nov. 8, 1750.

. . . . BY "a reaſonable man" I mean him, whoſe words, thoughts, and actions are regulated in the main by reaſon: he is no ſlave to paſſion or humour, and diſtinguiſhes between opinion and demonſtration: he may lean to one ſide of the queſtion, but is never poſitive, without being certain; and that he is certain is no eaſy matter for him to believe, as he is ſenſible what a mixture of obſcurity there is even in our cleareſt conceptions. To confine reaſon in its proper bounds, is a point he has much at heart. He diſcovers the ſuperiority of his underſtanding in nothing more, than by doubting its ſufficiency; and is often at a ſtand, where others, not half ſo much enligh-

enlightened, think themſelves quite ſure. To conclude, he is a diſciple of Socrates, and deſerves the title of wiſe by confeſſing that he knows nothing, not even himſelf thoroughly; though the moſt valuable of all knowledge is that of a man's ſelf; and what, conſequently, he labours chiefly to attain.

G. J.

LETTER CXLV.

Mr. Duncombe to Mr. Jeffreys.

DEAR SIR, Spring-grove *, May 6, 1751.

I HAVE long deſigned to make ſome remarks on a letter I received from you laſt autumn, but could not get leiſure till now, to recollect my thoughts.

* Near Hounſlow, Middleſex, the ſeat of Mrs. Offley, (relict of John Offley, eſq;) and after her death (in 1753) purchaſed and rebuilt by Eliſha Biſcoe, eſq;

If

If we define the terms we make uſe of, we ſhall not, I believe, differ ſo widely as we ſeem to do at preſent.

By "nature," may be underſtood, the God of nature, or the regular operation of his will, in the motion of the heavenly bodies, the inſtincts of animals, the vegetation of plants, &c. or (as applied to mankind) it may mean, that particular frame and conſtitution of mind and body, which diſtinguiſhes him from every other ſpecies of intelligent creatures.

This is what I mean by it in the preſent controverſy. By "reaſon," I underſtand that faculty by which we are enabled to diſtinguiſh truth and falſhood, right and wrong. Reaſon may alſo ſignify the exerciſe or operations of the rational faculty, or ratiocination. In this ſenſe I underſtand by it, the juſt and proper uſe of it.

I think there is no occaſion for the diſtinction of "true" and "falſe" reaſon.

Reaſon is ſteady, uniform, and invariable as the ſun. Reaſon and ſophiſtry (and what is falſe reaſoning but ſophiſtry?) are as widely different as gold and copper, light and darkneſs.

"Opinion," I think, means a wavering aſſent of the mind, founded on doubtful evidence. *Opinionum commenta delet dies, judicia naturæ confirmat*, ſays Cicero; "time "defaces the gloſſes of opinion, but con- "firms the dictates of nature." By nature he here ſeems to mean reaſon, and by opinion, popular prejudice.

By a "reaſonable man" I mean one, who, in the general tenor of his ſentiments and actions, is guided by the rules of common-ſenſe and reaſon. And that this is a natural deſcription, appears from your being ſurpriſed, when the queſtion was firſt put to you, "who is a reaſonable man?" Forgetting you had ſuppoſed it a matter of great difficulty to find ſuch a one: which made it neceſſary for you, in order to be conſiſtent with yourſelf, to give us the idea

of

of a " complete philoſopher *," inſtead of a " reaſonable man," who alone was aſked for, and to degrade yourſelf and your friend into the claſs of " unreaſonables."

By " ſympathy" you ſeem to underſtand what I would chuſe to expreſs by " in- " ſtinct." I beg you to give me an account of all the inſtincts you take to be implanted in human nature. You ſhall then have my farther thoughts on that ſubject.

You ſay, " the opinion, that it is ſinful, " in all poſſible caſes, to put an end to our " being, is but lamely ſupported by reaſon." This is granting as much as I would deſire. How then is this opinion ſupported? You reply, " by ſympathy and antipathy :" by which you mean the natural love of life, and the fear of death, (if I take your meaning right) which often make unhappy men bear the misfortunes of life, when reaſon prompts them to take another courſe.

* See p. 255.

But what does this prove? Only that our paſſions are ſometimes too ſtrong for our reaſon, which, I believe, no one will deny; but it will not follow from hence, that reaſon ought to be degraded, and paſſion aſſume the reins, who would be but a blind and headſtrong driver; or that reaſon and nature (in my ſenſe of that word,) are at variance; indeed, I thought it had been agreed by all philoſophers, that reaſon is a principle ſuperior to paſſion and appetite; and that the former ought to controul the latter.

By prefacing the witty paſſages you quote from Congreve and Montaigne with theſe words, "Reaſon, 'commonly' ſo called, "is nothing more than opinion," you ſeem ſenſible that they cannot be juſtly applied to reaſon, "truly" ſo called; as certainly they cannot, and I am not concerned to defend the chicaneries of opinion, or (as I ſhould chuſe to call it) of ſophiſtry. No wonder the wits delight to cavil at reaſon, ſince ſhe often detects their fallacies by the torch of truth.

As

As to the influence of reaſon over the actions of mankind, it has, I am ſatisfied, been very great, from the beginning of the world to this day, and is ſo ſtill, whatever melancholy or ſuperſtitious writers may pretend to the contrary. Were it otherwiſe, ſociety muſt diſband, and the world would be turned into a howling wilderneſs; nor ſhould we ſee ſo much peace, order, harmony, and happineſs, as are to be met with in every civiliſed country. The inſtances to the contrary can be no more juſtly alledged againſt the prevalence of reaſon than the birth of a monſter, now and then, is a proof that there is no regular proceſs of nature in the production of animals. I am ſenſible, it would be an eaſy matter for a man of a ſtrong imagination, and gloomy caſt of mind, to declaim on the other ſide of the queſtion, as Dr. Young has ſhewn in his diſcourſes "on "the miſeries of human life," and in his "Night-Thoughts." But ſuch declamations will have little weight with perſons of ſober judgment, accuſtomed to a cloſe way

way of reaſoning; and are of pernicious conſequence, as they give us unworthy notions of God, cheriſh the ſpirit of ſcepticiſm, and fill the ſoul with melancholy, inſtead of that grateful chearfulneſs, which is a tribute due to the bountiful Creator. The ſame author inveighs againſt virtue (abſtracted from the hopes of a future ſtate) as tending to make us miſerable in this life, contrary to the ſentiments of all ancient philoſophers, and the experience, I believe, of the beſt men in every age.

I am ſtill at a loſs to know what you mean by "the 'ſecret operations' of na-"ture." To ſome of the ſtories you relate I can ſcarce give credit; the ſpring and cauſes (ſuppoſing the facts true) are too uncertain to admit of any deductions; and ſome of the caſes you put may be accounted for in a rational way. There is no myſtery in the "man's falling from the "plank two feet broad*;" it is plainly owing to his fear, and he is to be pitied,

* See p. 245.

and

and not blamed. It is not pretended, that reaſon is ſufficient to ſubdue the paſſions in every inſtance that may be put; and yet it may be ſufficient to guide us in the general tenor of our lives: elſe to what purpoſe was it given? But where our paſſions work upon us "mechanically," we ſhall ſtand acquitted in the eye of GOD, who knows the heart; but the caſe is different in regard to human courts, who can only judge by overt actions, except in ſome particular caſes.

I cannot allow with you, that "abſurdity is the privilege of a reaſonable creature;" though to be ſubject to miſtakes and errors is undoubtedly the lot of a fallible one. The ſon of Sirach, in the xxxviiith chapter of Eccleſiaſticus, deſcribes the various occupations of the huſbandman, the carpenter, the engraver, the ſtatuary, the ſmith, and the potter. *They ſhall not*, ſays he, *be ſought for in public counſel, nor ſit high in the congregation; but without theſe cannot a city be inhabited: they will maintain the ſtate of the world, and every*

every one of them is wiſe in his craft. Surely therefore he muſt look upon theſe as "reaſonable" men.

Solomon aſſures us, that *the ſpirit of man is as the lamp of God; wherewith he ſearcheth out all ſecret things.* Thus *Prov.* xx. and 27. is interpreted by the great lord Bacon.

The encomium given by Cicero to philoſophy may with no leſs propriety be applied to reaſon; for what is philoſophy, but the habit of reaſoning on ſubjects natural or moral, cultivated and improved by ſtudy and reflection?

"Cities were formed by reaſon; by reaſon mankind were civiliſed, collected into "ſociety, and united in houſes, wedlock, "and communion of letters and language. "Reaſon was the inventor of laws, the "teacher of manners, the guide of diſci-"pline. Dare any one arraign the parent "of civil and domeſtic life, pollute him-"ſelf with ſuch parricide, and, impiouſly "ungrateful, ſtigmatiſe reaſon, whom he "ought

" ought to reverence, though unable to
" comprehend her precepts?"

Tuſc. Diſp. b. v. c. 2.

And that which aggravates the ingratitude of theſe " parricides," (as Cicero juſtly ſtyles them,) is, that they wound their venerable mother with ſhafts drawn from her own quiver.

I am, &c.

W. D.

LETTER CXLVI.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 7, 1751.

MY Farm * waits upon you a ſecond time for the amendment agreed upon between us. I would only reſpite "revenge "divine †," till the ladies and you, in anſwer to what I am about to offer, ſhall eſtabliſh a diſtinction between that and "vengeance," or, allowing them to mean the very ſame thing, ſhall think fit to maintain that neither the one nor the other can poſſibly belong to the Deity; though ſcripture has repreſented holy men invoking the aid of GOD under that view of his

* A tranſlation of the 1ſt book of Vaniere's "Præ-"dium Ruſticum," ſince publiſhed in Mr. Jeffreys's "poems," p. 163. B. 13, "on doves," is alſo in the ſame collection, p. 210.

† The ground, obedient to "revenge divine,"
No more, unbidden, yields her corn and wine,
But graſs and thiſtles ——

being

being "the God of vengeance," and has, in the warmeſt terms, not only aſcribed but appropriated "vengeance" to him on no leſs authority than his own expreſs declaration. I take it for granted, therefore, that "vengeance" is out of the queſtion, and that the only word excepted againſt is "revenge," as manifeſtly differing from "vengeance," and always carrying an ill ſenſe; though Dryden has been ſo far miſtaken as to talk of "juſt revenge*," which, in your ſenſe of the word, implies a contradiction as much as "juſt murder, juſt robbery," or "juſt idolatry;" ſo that my good friend had reaſon, on his own ſuppoſition, to exclaim againſt this paſſage as "horrible and ſhocking." But then it may be modeſtly aſked, why the point in debate is taken for granted, or, in other words, why the queſtion is begged inſtead of being proved, not only in oppoſition to ſo great a maſter of language as Dryden, but to others on the ſame ſide with myſelf? To give one remarkable inſtance from lord Ro-

* If our hard fortune no compaſſion draws,
The gods are "juſt," and will "revenge" our cauſe.

cheſter, who is acknowledged to have been a correct writer, in theſe lines from Valentinian,

——— ——— ——— " What moſt abject ſlave,
" That lick'd the duſt where'er his maſter trod,
" Bounded not from the earth upon his feet,
" And ſhook his chains, that heard of Brutus'
' vengeance?"

Hitherto his lordſhip is with you, but he immediately adds,

" Who that e'er heard the cauſe, applauded not
" That Roman ſpirit for his great ' revenge?"

He does not dream, you ſee, of any ſort of diſtinction between " revenge" and " ven-" geance," but applies them promiſcuouſly, firſt one and then another, as they happen to come foremoſt. I muſt likewiſe remind you of a celebrated treatiſe called " God's " revenge againſt murder;" the author, you will ſay, might be miſtaken, as well as others, but then how unfortunate was he to fix a blaſphemous imputation upon the Almighty, in the very title of a book written

ten to do honour to his juſtice! If from authors we paſs to dictionaries, both the French and the Latin are on my ſide. If Littleton makes any diſtinction between the two words, it is to the diſcredit of "vengeance," which he likewiſe ſtyles "cruelty *:" both words are taken by us from the French, a language ſo favourable to "revenge," that, inſtead of the frightful idea you have annexed to it, "to revenge" often ſignifies no more than "to return," as "to return a viſit," "to return a lead at "whiſt," &c. If ſo approved a maſter of language as Tillotſon, ſhould appear, through the whole courſe of his ſermons, to have ſtuck to "vengeance," and to have ſtood clear of "revenge," it would give great countenance to your opinion, but till that can be made out, I muſt beg leave to think that the whole ſtream of authorities, and

* Dr. Johnſon explains "revenge" by "return of "an injury," and "vengeance" by "penal retri- "bution;" though he makes the adjectives "re- "vengeful," and "full of vengeance," ſynonimous.

the

the uſe of our language, as it occurs in the beſt authors, are againſt the diſtinction contended for by the ladies, the other gentleman, and you, to whoſe judgment, nevertheleſs, I am ready to ſubmit,

"And argue only to be better taught."

Yours affectionately,

G. J.

* LETTER CXLVII.

Archbiſhop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Lambeth-houſe, Nov. 28, 1750.

I FELT the ſame concern, which you ſeem to do, on the ſcore of the publication of "Bower's eſcape †". Mr. Barron has

† "From the Inquiſition," taken down by memory at York, in the year 1749, by the editor of this work (and ſent to the archbiſhop) from an account

doubtleſs done an imprudent thing, in the ſpirit of an honeſt zeal, and Bower had done well, if he had only declared his narrative not authentic.

I cannot account for the large ſpread of the ſtory, which has gone over all the north, Barron's copy coming from Rochdale. He has owned his miſtake as to Hill. I communicated your relation of the ſtory to all my family, but no farther, that I remember. Some of them probably did

account given by a phyſician in that neighbourhood, who had it from Dr. (afterwards biſhop) Hayter, a friend of Bower. This account being publiſhed by Mr. Barron, a diſſenting miniſter, Bower, in an advertiſement, diſclaimed it, ſaying, it was "almoſt in "every particular abſolutely falſe," though, on being deſired by Dr. Hill, his grace's chaplain, to ſpecify ſome of the "falſhoods," he could inſtance none except "Bern" being miſtaken for Baſil, and his being ſtyled "Secretary of the Inquiſition," inſtead of "Counſellor." This firſt gave occaſion to Dr. Douglas, and others, to ſuſpect Bower's integrity, and to commence a paper-war, in which the "Hiſtorian of the Popes" was worſted.

communicate

communicate it to ſome friends of theirs. But this I am clear in, that neither you nor I have any blame in this matter; and therefore it will be beſt not to appear in the controverſy, unleſs we are called upon to be particular, and then you muſt ſtep forth. I never ſaid more, than that an ingenious young man took the ſtory, by memory, from relation, being more than ordinarily affected by it.

I am

Your aſſured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

END OF VOL. II.

APPENDIX.

The CHARACTER of Mrs. BRIDGET BENDISH *, GRAND-DAUGHTER of OLIVER CROMWELL.

By the Rev. Mr. SAY †.

Written in 1719, on occaſion of the cloſing words of Lord CLARENDON's character of her Grandfather ‡.

THE character of Oliver ſeems to be made up of ſo many inconſiſtencies, that I do not think any one is capable of drawing

* Relict of Thomas Bendiſh, eſq; of Gray's inn, "deſcended from the ancient family of Sir Thomas "Bendiſh, of Eſſex, baronet, who was ambaſſador "from king Charles I to the Grand Signor." See his epitaph in Le Neve's *Monumenta Anglicana*. He died in 1707.

† See note on letter iv, vol. i.

‡ Viz. "he will be looked upon by poſterity as a "brave wicked man."

it juſtly, who was not perſonally and thoroughly acquainted with him, or, at leaſt, with his grand-daughter, Mrs. Bridget Bendiſh, the daughter of his ſon-in-law Ireton *; a lady, who, as in the features of her face, ſhe exactly reſembled the beſt picture of Oliver, which I have ever ſeen, and which is now at Roſe-hall, in the poſſeſſion of Sir Robert Rich, ſo ſhe ſeems alſo as exactly to reſemble him in the caſt of her mind.

A perſon of great preſence and majeſty, heroic courage, and indefatigable induſtry; and, with ſomething in her countenance and manner, that at once attracts and commands reſpect, the moment ſhe appears in company, accuſtomed to turn her hands to the meaneſt offices, and even drudgeries of

* Henry Ireton, eſq; of Ireton, in the county of Derby, commiſſary-general, and ſometime lord-lieutenant of Ireland, married the protector's eldeſt daughter, Bridget, who, after his death, married lieutenant-general Fleetwood.

life,

life *, among her workmen and labourers, from the earlieſt morning to the decline of day, inſenſible to all the calls and neceſſities of nature, and in a habit and appearance beneath the meaneſt of them, and neither ſuiting her character or ſex: and then immediately, after having eaten and drunk, almoſt to exceſs, of whatever is before her, without choice or diſtinction, to throw herſelf down on the next couch or bed that offers, in the profoundeſt ſleep; to riſe from it with new life and vigour; to dreſs herſelf in all the riches, and grandeur of appearance, that her preſent circumſtances, or the remains of better times, will allow her; and, about the cloſe of evening, to ride in her chaiſe, or on her pad, to a neighbouring port †, and there ſhine in converſation, and to receive the place and precedence in all company, as a lady, who once expected, at this time, to have been one of the firſt perſons in Europe: to make innumerable viſits of cere-

* Salt-works. † Yarmouth.

mony, buſineſs, or charity; and diſpatch the greateſt affairs with the utmoſt eaſe and addreſs, appearing every where as the common friend, advocate, and patroneſs of all the poor, the oppreſſed, and the miſerable in any kind; in whoſe cauſe ſhe will receive no denial from the great and the rich; rather demanding than requeſting them to perform their duty; and who is generally received and regarded, by thoſe who know her beſt, as a perſon of great ſincerity, piety, generoſity, and even profuſion of charity. And yet, poſſeſſed of all theſe virtues, and poſſeſſed of them in a degree beyond the ordinary rate, a perſon (I am almoſt tempted to ſay,) of no truth, juſtice, or common honeſty; who never broke her promiſe in her life, and yet, on whoſe word no man can prudently depend, nor ſafely report the leaſt circumſtance after her.

Of great and moſt fervent devotion towards God, and love to her fellow-creatures, and fellow-chriſtians; and yet there

is

is ſcarce an inſtance of impiety, or cruelty, of which perhaps ſhe is not capable.

Fawning, ſuſpicious, miſtruſtful, and jealous, without end, of all her ſervants, and even of her friends; at the ſame time that ſhe is ready to do them all the ſervice that lies in her power; affecting all mankind generally, not according to the ſervice they are able to do her, but according to the ſervice their neceſſities and miſeries demand *from* her; to the relieving of which, neither the wickedneſs of their characters, nor the injuries they may have done to herſelf in particular, are the leaſt exception, but rather a peculiar recommendation.

Such are the extravagances that have long appeared to me in the character of this lady, whoſe friendſhip and reſentment I have felt by turns for a courſe of many years acquaintance and intimacy; and yet, after all theſe blemiſhes and vices, which I muſt freely own in her, he would do her, in my opinion, the greateſt injury, who ſhould

ſhould ſay, *ſhe was a great wicked woman:* for all that is great and good in her, ſeems to be owing to a true magnanimity of ſpirit, and a ſincere deſire to ſerve the intereſt of God and all mankind; and all that is otherwiſe, to wrong principles, early and ſtrongly imbibed by a temperament of body, (ſhall I call it?) or a turn of mind, to the laſt degree enthuſiaſtic and viſionary.

It is owing to this, that ſhe never hears of any action of any perſon, but ſhe immediately mingles with it her own ſentiments and judgment of the perſon, and the action, in ſo lively a manner, that it is almoſt impoſſible for her to ſeparate them after; which ſentiments therefore, and judgment, ſhe will relate thence forwards with the ſame aſſurance that ſhe relates the action itſelf.

If ſhe queſtions the lawfulneſs or expediency of any great, hazardous, and doubtful undertaking, ſhe purſues the method, which, as ſhe ſays, her grandfather always employed

employed with ſucceſs; that is, ſhe ſhuts herſelf up in her cloſet, till by faſting and prayer the vapours are raiſed, and the animal ſpirits wrought up to a peculiar ferment, by an over-intenſeneſs and ſtrain of thinking: and whatever portion of ſcripture comes into her head at ſuch a ſeaſon, which ſhe apprehends to be ſuitable to the preſent occaſion, (and whatever comes in ſuch circumſtances, is ſure to come with a power and evidence, which, to ſuch a heated imagination, will appear to be divine and ſupernatural,) thence forward no intreaties nor perſuaſions, no force of reaſon, nor plaineſt evidence of the ſame ſcriptures alledged againſt it; no conviction of the impropriety, injuſtice, impiety, or almoſt impoſſibility of the thing can turn her from it; which creates in her a confidence and induſtry that generally attains its end, and hardens her in the ſame practice for ever. "She will truſt a friend that never deceived "her." This was the very anſwer ſhe made me, when, upon her receiving a conſiderable legacy at the death of a noble relation, I urged her to ſuſpend her uſual

acts

acts of piety, generoſity, and charity, upon ſuch occaſions, till ſhe had been juſt to the demands of a poor woman, and had heard the cries of a family too long kept out of their money; for, "how," ſaid I, "if you ſhould die, and leave ſuch a debt "undiſcharged, which no one will think "himſelf obliged to pay, after the deceaſe "of a perſon from whom they have no ex-"pectations?" She aſſured me ſhe would never die in any one's debt.---"But how "is it poſſible you ſhould be aſſured of "that, who are for ever in debt to ſo "many perſons, and have ſo many other "occaſions for your money than diſchar-"ging of your debts, and are reſolved to "have ſo many as long as you live?" Her anſwer was as before mentioned.

[ADDED AFTER HER DEATH.]

And the event juſtified her conduct; if any thing could juſtify a conduct, which reaſon and revelation muſt condemn.

Such

Such was this grand-daughter of Oliver, who inherited more of his conſtitution of body, and complection of mind, than any other of his deſcendants and relations with whom I have happened to be acquainted. And I have had ſome acquaintance with many others of his grand-children; and have ſeen his ſon Richard *, and Richard's ſon Oliver †, who had ſomething indeed of the ſpirit of his grandfather; but all his other diſtinguiſhing qualifications ſeemed vaſtly inferior to the lady, whoſe character I have ſincerely repreſented as it has long appeared to

S. S.

* Richard died at Cheſhunt in Hertfordſhire, July 13, 1712, aged 86.

† He died, unmarried, ſome years before his father.

Since the firſt publication of this work, the following particulars of this extraordinary lady have been communicated to the Editor by another ingenious friend.

MRS. Bendyſh had two ſons. The eldeſt, Thomas, an expenſive, looſe liver, married Catherine Smith, of Colkirk, near Fakenham, in Norfolk, with whom (as I ſuppoſe) part of that eſtate came into the family. The extravagances of this Thomas drove him to one of the Weſt India iſlands, where there was a family-eſtate, and there he died, leaving a ſon, Ireton, who died young. Henry, her ſecond ſon, married Miſs Martha Shute, a ſiſter of the late lord Barrington. He left a ſon, Henry, who died a batchelor, about twenty years ago, at the Salt-pans near Yarmouth. He had a place ſuppoſed patent under the lord-chancellor, and had a houſe at Chingford on Epping-foreſt. Mrs. B. had alſo two daughters; one married Mr. Berners, of Hanover-ſquare, who left, or (if living) has, two ſons, one a clergyman. The other married Mr. Hagar, of Weaſely, in Huntingdonſhire.

As to the old lady herſelf, ſhe was a very extraordinary character, and there was ſomething

ſomething in her perſon, when ſhe was dreſſed and in company, that could not fail to attract at once both the notice and reſpect of any ſtrangers that entered the room where ſhe was, though the company were ever ſo numerous, and though many of them might be more ſplendid in their appearance. Splendid indeed ſhe never was; her higheſt dreſs being a plain ſilk, but it was uſually of the richeſt ſort, though, as far as I remember, of what is called a quaker's colour; and ſhe wore, beſides, a kind of black ſilk hood, or ſcarf, that I rarely, if ever, obſerved to be worn by other ladies of her time; and though hoops were in faſhion long before her death, nothing, I ſuppoſe, would have induced her to wear one. I can ſo far recollect her countenance as to confirm what is obſerved by Mr. Say of her likeneſs to the beſt pictures of Oliver. And ſhe no leſs reſembled him in the qualities of enterprize, reſolution, courage, and enthuſiaſm. She looked upon him as the firſt and greateſt of mankind, and alſo as the beſt. In talking of herſelf, on the mention of any

good quality, ſhe would always ſay, " ſhe " learned it from him," and would add, that " if ſhe had any thing valuable in her, " ſhe owed it all to her grand-father." She muſt certainly have had an engaging and entertaining turn of converſation, or ſhe could not have fixed the attention of myſelf, when a boy of twelve or fourteen, and of another ſtill younger, and as volatile, and have made us often happy in liſtening to her diſcourſe, whether it concerned the hiſtory of herſelf and her own times, or whether it conſiſted of advice or inſtruction to us, or was a mixture of both. It is impoſſible to ſay what figure ſhe might not have made in the world, had ſhe been placed in any elevated ſtation, and been honoured with the confidence of a prince or a miniſter, and, I believe, there is no ſtation to which her ſpirit would have been unequal. In the circumſtances therefore in which ſhe was left, with an income, I think, of two or three hundred pounds a year, it was natural, that, as far, and ſometimes beyond what her fortune would admit, ſhe engaged in projects and buſineſs

of

of different kinds, by which, I have been told, ſhe was much oftener a loſer than a gainer. One into which ſhe entered was grazing of cattle; her going to fairs to buy them, in the only equipage I remember her to have had, a one horſe chaiſe, afforded exerciſe at once for her courage and enthuſiaſm: travelling in the night was to her the ſame as in the day, and in the worſt roads and weather as in the beſt, nor could ſhe encounter any dangers in which, it would be too little to ſay, ſhe was not perfectly fearleſs; it comes nearer to her character to ſay, which ſhe would not enjoy. I have heard her ſay, that, when, in the darkeſt night, on a wild open heath, with the roads of which ſhe was unacquainted, ſhe has had to encounter the moſt dreadful thunder-ſtorm, ſhe has then been happy, has ſung this or that pſalm, and doubted not that angels ſurrounded her chaiſe, and protected her. She was as little fearful of encountering other dangers. In particular, ſhe delivered a relation from impriſonment for high-treaſon on account of the Rye-houſe plot, by a bold and well-

concerted

concerted ſtratagem, though perfectly ſenſible of the vindictive ſpirit of the King and Duke, and that her own life muſt have paid the price of his eſcape, had ſhe been diſcovered and detected. Happening to travel in a London ſtage in company with two gentlemen who had ſwords on, ſhe informed them of her deſcent from Oliver, and, as uſual, began to extol him, with all that rapture to which her idoliſing him to enthuſiaſm naturally led her; when one of her fellow-travellers deſcended ſo much below the man, though his appearance was that of a gentleman, as to treat his memory with groſs indignity and abuſe: ſhe anſwered it with all the ſpirit that was inherent in her, till the coach ſtopped, and they got out; on which, ſhe inſtantly drew the other gentleman's ſword, called this a poltroon and a coward, for behaving as he had done to a woman, and now challenged him to ſhew himſelf a man, told him that ſhe was prepared to treat him as he might expect from his inſolence, were ſhe a man, and inſiſted, if he would act like ſuch, on his not taking ſhelter under the pretence of regard to her ſex.

In

In a violent fever, being thought paſt recovery and inſenſible to any thing that might be ſaid, her aunt, lady Fauconberg *, and other company, being in the room, and her ladyſhip, though Oliver's daughter, giving too much way to things ſaid in diſhonour of his memory by ſome preſent; to the aſtoniſhment of all, ſhe raiſed herſelf up, and with great ſpirit ſaid, "if ſhe did "not believe her grandmother † to have

* Mary, third daughter of the protector, who was married with great ſolemnity to lord viſcount Fauconberg, Nov. 18, 1657, was a lady of great beauty, and of a very high ſpirit, and after her brother Richard was depoſed, is thought to have promoted very ſucceſsfully the reſtoration of king Charles. Her huſband was raiſed to the dignity of an earl by king William, and died in 1700. His lady ſurvived him to 1712, and diſtinguiſhed herſelf to her death by the quickneſs of her wit, and the ſolidity of her judgment. Le Neve's "Monumenta Anglicana," vol. iv, pp. 2, 250.

† Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Eſſex, knight, a woman of ſpirit and parts. "Life "of O. Cromwell, lord protector," p. 3.

"been

" been one of the moſt virtuous women in " the world, ſhe ſhould conclude her lady- " ſhip to be a baſtard, wondering how it " could be poſſible, that the daughter of " the greateſt and beſt man that ever lived, " could be ſo degenerate, as not only to ſit " with patience to hear his memory ſo ill- " treated, but to ſeem herſelf to aſſent to " it." I have heard her often ſay of him, that, " next to the apoſtles, he was the firſt " ſaint in heaven, and was placed next to " them." On evenings that ſhe has ſpent at my father's, ſhe ſeemed to be in enthuſi- aſtic raptures when religion made part of the ſubject of converſation, and ſeldom would leave the room, though it were twelve at night, or later, 'till a pſalm had been ſung; ſhe then would go into her chaiſe in high joy to return to her houſe, which was a conſiderable way from the town in which my father lived.

On reperuſing Mr. Say, I find I have ſaid ſomething of this lady very ſimilar to what is ſaid by him; but it was from my own

own original idea of her, and not from having read his account.

Norwich,
April 28, 1773. J. B.

ON THE USE of MONOSYLLABLES in POETRY.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, Eſq;

WHAT I have to offer on this ſubject may be called a vindication of our language, and of our beſt poets, who have authoriſed the uſe of monoſyllable lines by frequent examples of them, not out of choice, but becauſe they could not avoid them, between the multitude of Engliſh monoſyllables, and the reſtraint of rhyme and meaſure. Pope, in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, expoſes monoſyllable verſes, that are rough; but there, and in his other poems, he is free enough in the uſe of thoſe that

are ſmooth *; and ſo are Dryden †, Waller, Prior, &c. Hammond is an harmonious writer, and yet the very ſhorteſt of his Love Elegies (if I remember right) has three monoſyllable lines,

* In like manner, it is obſerved, by a very judicious critic, that "fine verſes conſiſting of monoſyllables, abound in Mr. Pope's works;" ſeveral of theſe he quotes, and adds, "Theſe are not 'dull' "lines, nor do the ten words that compoſe them "creep; when lines conſiſting of monoſyllables, "therefore, are defective in volubility, force, or har-"mony, the fault is not in the want of long words, "but in the choice and management of ſhort ones." And a little farther he ſays, "It is remarkable that "one verſe, [of Pope's] perhaps the moſt emphatical, "pathetic, and melodious in the language,

"And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,

"conſiſts wholly of monoſyllables, which are ge-"nerally ſuppoſed to enervate our language, and in "particular our verſe."

Monthly Review, vol. xl, pp. 407, 8.

† Thus, how agreeable to the ear are the following lines of Dryden's, though the firſt of them conſiſts entirely of monoſyllables, and much of the ſecond,

"She

" She nurſ'd my hopes, and taught me how to ſue:
" She is my ſaint; to her my pray'rs are made:
" One tear of hers is more than all my pain."

Theſe three, in a poem of thirty-ſix lines, exceed, by accident, the uſual proportion of ſuch lines, which are not above two or three in a hundred; and as for lines with but one word of more ſyllables than one, which are likewiſe blamed, you will generally meet with about five and twenty of them in every hundred. As far, therefore, as the conſtant practice of our moſt celebrated poets can be of weight, monoſyllable verſes are juſtified; and, to prove that they deſerve to be ſo, inſtead of being only excuſed, as ſlips and defects incident to the beſt writers, I ſhall admit what a certain author ſays, that " verſes ought to run " like Ovid's, or walk like Virgil's, and

" The firſt to lead the way, to tempt the flood,
" To paſs the bridge [unknown,] nor fear the trem-
" bling wood!"

Say's eſſay on numbers, p. 115.

" not to ſtand ſtock ſtill like doctor Don-
" ne's;" if therefore monoſyllable lines, under proper management, can both "walk" and " run," when occaſion requires them ſo to do, nothing better can be expected from polyſyllables, by thoſe who are fondeſt of them: and this will always be the caſe, when " well-vowelled words" (as Dryden calls them) are choſen, and where there is a convenient mixture of liquids and ſhort ſyllables, though long ones will, now and then, ſerve the turn, if they open upon one another more or leſs, by beginning or ending with vowels; for which reaſon it is to be hoped that this line,

How they are lodg'd, and on what food they live *,

* In a tranſlation, by this writer, of book xiii of Vaniere's " *Prædium Ruſticum*" (on doves) ſtyled by Dr. Warton " a long and languid production," and if ſo, (as Mr. Jeffreys elſewhere obſerves) " *Vexat cenſura columbas*' muſt be the doom of his " poor doves, notwithſtanding the pathetic metamor-
" phoſis with which the book concludes."

may

may be allowed to "walk," though compoſed of long monoſyllables; and this other,

One is the love in all, and one the will,

to "run," by the help of its ſhort ſyllables: the ſame may be ſaid of the firſt line in Dryden's tranſlation of the "Æneid,"

"Arms, and the man I ſing, who forc'd by fate,"

where, of ten ſyllables, five are ſhort, and more ſhort ones would be too many *; the firſt foot is indeed a ſpondee, but the ſecond is a pyrrich, and the three laſt are iambics;

* It may be proved by innumerable examples, that ſyllables may be ranged ſo as to follow, in pronunciation, with the ſame force and rapidity, though each is a word, as they would if a word included many. In the firſt verſe of Dryden's tranſlation of Virgil, the three monoſyllables, "and the man," follow as rapidly as if they were compounded in a word of three ſyllables: in the four laſt there is remarkable ſtrength and harmony.

"Monthly Review, as above."

this

this verſe therefore muſt neceſſarily "run," whereas the ſecond line of Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*,

"Of that forbidden taſte, whoſe mortal taſte,"

muſt "walk," though it has one diſſyllable, and one triſſyllable; nor can it be otherwiſe, as it conſiſts of long ſyllables, viz. five ſpondees, and the communication between the words is pretty much cut off by their generally beginning and ending with conſonants. The author of *Cooper's Hill*, ſpeaking to the Thames, ſays,

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream, &c."

He has his wiſh, and flows like the Thames, in monoſyllables*: and, without doubt, the prejudice againſt them is grounded upon the practice of our antiquated poets, who, having little help from the Latin, dealt frequently in Teutonic monoſyllables, and

* See Mr. Hughes's Minutes for an Eſſay on Harmony, &c. in the appendix to vol. iii.

thoſe

thoſe generally rough; and hence aroſe the conſequence *ab abuſu ad non uſum*, from rough monoſyllables, to monoſyllables as ſuch, though ever ſo ſmooth, and from the many which occur in our old Engliſh, to the very few that are required in the courſe of our modern verſification, upon any ſubject whatſoever: but, were they many more, and not offenſive to the ear, it is hard to ſay, why they ſhould be cenſured. Of the four following lines, in *Cooper*'s *Hill*,

" Like him in birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in fame,
" As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame;
" But whoſoe'er he was, nature deſign'd
" Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind,"

three are monoſyllables, and more ſmooth than the other; though indeed each of them takes up more room upon paper, if that be an objection: and now we are upon *Cooper*'s *Hill*, we ſhall find that it has many more monoſyllable lines, in proportion to its length, than any other good poem in our language; but if, notwithſtanding its character, its authority ſhould be thought not ſuffi-

ſufficiently modern, take the following couplet from the *Hind and Panther*,

"Good life be now my taſk; my doubts are done,
"What more could fright my faith, than three in one?"

And if theſe two monoſyllable lines, ſucceeding each other, give you more diſguſt than any one of them would have done, they ſhall be turned into diſſyllables, with a proper mixture of triſſyllables and monoſyllables, merely for the ſake of variety, viz.

Goodlife benowmy taſk; my doubts aredone;
Whatmore could frightmyfaith, than threeinone*?

* In the "Rape of the Lock," it is ſaid of the Sylphs,

Some to the ſun their inſect wings unfold,
Waſt on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold.

In the laſt verſe the monoſyllables 'waſt,' 'on,' are in every reſpect, except the ſenſe, equivalent to the diſſyllable 'wanting;' 'the breeze' to 'diſpleaſe', 'ſink in' to 'ſinking,' and 'of gold' to 'enroll'.

Monthly Review.

Here

Here your objection is entirely removed; you wanted poloſyllables, and you have them; ſo that if the lines are not rough in all ſhapes (which would be another queſtion) you are bound, upon your own principle, to be pleaſed with them. And yet, pray, why ſo? (as doctor Trapp would have ſaid) the ſyllables, in this new form, are the very ſame they were before, and follow one another in the ſame order; ſo that of neceſſity they muſt have the ſame effect upon the ear, which they had when they were all monoſyllables. Suppoſe a foreigner, acquainted with the meaſure of our poetry, but a ſtranger to our language; ſhew him the two foregoing lines, divided into their five feet, and aſk him his opinion of their harmony, he will have no way to anſwer but by conſulting his ear, without enquiring how many ſyllables they contain, or whether there are as many words as ſyllables. Again: take the ſmootheſt line, conſiſting of polyſyllables, that you can find, and it will continue ſmooth, if you divide it into monoſyllables; and a rough line of monoſyllables will be equally

rough, when you have turned them into polyſyllables. I have dwelt the longer on this argument, as, I think, it places the queſtion in that point of light which amounts to a demonſtration; and proves that the objection againſt monoſyllable lines is imaginary, as it is grounded on a diſtinction without a difference. The moſt galloping of all meaſures is an hexameter of dactyls,

Pulverulenta| putrem| ſonitu|quatit|ungula|campum.

And you may compoſe ſuch another, when you pleaſe, of Engliſh monoſyllables, viz.

Whīle ŏn ă|plaīn wĕ trĭp|īt, bў ă|grōve, ŏr ă| ſtrēam, ŏr ă|grēen hīll.

Something like this occurs in the meaſure of ſome of our ballads, when they gallop away in monoſyllables,

" When

When young at the bar, you firſt taught me to ſcore,
And bade me be free of my lips, and no more.

Upon the whole, it ſeems clear, from what has been laid down, that monoſyllables, or polyſyllables, are not the queſtion, but harmony, or diſſonance; no modern verſificator can have occaſion for monoſyllable lines, except it be now and then; and when he has occaſion, it will be no hard matter for him to ſecure their harmony by the quantity, the ſound, and the ſituation of his ſyllables; after which, he will be in a fair way of carrying his point, by appealing from the reader's eye to his ear.

G. J.

* Farther particulars of Mrs. Bendyſh and her family.

Rev. Dr. Brooke to the Editor.

DEAR SIR, Norwich, May 6, 1773.

GIVE me leave to add to the account which I lately tranſmitted to you (p. x) another circumſtance or two relating to Mrs. Bendyſh. I have frequently heard from herſelf, and had it confirmed by my father and others from good authority, that ſhe was in the ſecret of the Revolution; that ſhe would go into ſhops at different parts of the town, under a pretence of cheapening ſilks, and other goods, and, in going out to her coach, would take the opportunity to drop bundles of papers to prepare the minds of the people for that happy event. I have alſo heard, that ſhe was privy to the Rye-houſe plot, when it was hatching, and, you know, it never came to more; and ſhe might ſafely be truſted with any ſecret, were it ever ſo impor-

important. This art of ſecret-keeping, I have heard her ſay, ſhe learned from her grandfather; for that when ſhe was only ſix years of age, ſhe has ſat between his knees when he has held a cabinet council, and on very important affairs, and on ſome of them objecting to her being there, he has ſaid, "there was no ſecret "he would truſt with any of them that he "would not truſt with that infant;" and to prove that he was not miſtaken, he has told her ſomething as in confidence, and under the charge of ſecrecy, and then urged her mother and grandmother to extort it from her by promiſes, careſſes, and bribes, and, theſe failing, by threatenings and ſevere whipping; but ſhe held ſteady againſt all with amazing diſpaſſionate firmneſs, expreſſing her duty to her mother, but her greater duty to keep her promiſe of ſecrecy to her grandfather, and the confidence he had repoſed in her. I have heard both my father, and Mr. Say, and others mention this, and I know they had no doubt of the truth of it. I recollect too, that archbiſhop Tillotſon had introduced her to queen Mary, in order that a penſion

for

for life might be ſettled upon her to ſupport her in ſome degree of dignity, ſuitable to that ſhe had known in the beginning of her days; but the death of that excellent prelate following ſoon after, and the queen's the month ſucceeding to it, all this hope was defeated.

I have omitted in my account of Mrs. Bendyſh's poſterity a daughter, who died in old age a maiden: but a letter, which I expect in a few days from my friend, Mr. Luſon, who is one of the beſt and moſt amiable men I know, will, I hope, enable you to place in your collection, and tranſmit to poſterity, a complete character of this very extraordinary woman, who wanted only to have acted in a ſuperior ſphere to be ranked by hiſtorians amongſt the moſt admired heroines. Had ſhe been in the ſituation of a Zenobia, ſhe would have ſupported her empire, and defended her capital, with equal ſkill and reſolution, but ſhe would never have lived to decorate the triumph of Aurelian, or have given up a ſecretary, of the fidelity and abilities of Longinus, to ſave herſelf.

If

If ſhe had been in the ſituation of our Elizabeth, ſhe would, without ſcruple, have taken off the heads of ten Maries, who, by ſurviving her, might have overturned that happy eſtabliſhment which ſhe had formed, and would as glorioufly have defended her kingdoms againſt a Spaniſh armada, or any hoſtile force whatſoever, and have rather inwardly triumphed, than been intimidated, at the report of the moſt formidable preparations againſt her.

I ſhall be very happy in contributing any thing to your very entertaining and uſeful publication, and am, dear Sir,

with ſincereſt eſteem, &c.

J. BROOKE.

P. S. Mr. Luſon is the perſon I mentioned (p. xii) between whom, when we were youths of about twelve or fourteen, the eldeſt of us, the old lady would ſeat herſelf at his father's houſe, and highly entertain us with her converſation. You may aſſure yourſelf, that his account will be very exact.

Mr.

Mr. Luson to the Rev. Dr. Brooke.

REV. SIR, Loweſtoff, May 11, 1773.

I HAVE read many of the letters in Mr. Duncombe's collection with great pleaſure. Publications of this ſort are not barely amuſing; they are highly inſtructive and important, as they open to public view the great diverſity of ſocial and literary characters; and thus make ſome advance in that moſt curious and intereſting of all reſearches, the hiſtory of man. In the fine letters of that truly noble lady, the late dutcheſs of Somerſet *, we ſee greatneſs ſinking under grief; and are thus led to reflect on that common portion of humanity, which levels all rank, and leaves the noble and the plebeian alike acceſſible to momentary enjoyment and laſting ſufferance in the endleſs viciſſitudes of human life. But I forbear to moraliſe.

* Letters cxxx and cliii.

You

You requeſt my information, for the ſatisfaction of Mr. Duncombe, as to the time of Mrs. Bendyſh's death? What family ſhe ever had? What part ſurvived her? Whether any of her poſterity be now living? And wiſh, beſides, for any remarkable particulars relating to her? With reſpect to the laſt of theſe demands, I can only give you a few particulars, ſuch as I can recollect; but to all your other enquiries I ſhall give you full ſatisfaction.

I find, Sir, that Mr. Say's character of Mrs. Bendyſh has much engaged the public notice. The firſt ſight I had of this character, was about twelve years ago, when it was put into my hand at London, by a lady who aſked my opinion of it, becauſe ſhe knew I was well acquainted with Yarmouth and its neighbourhood. The copy which was ſhewn to me, was taken, as I was informed, from a manuſcript in the library of the late Sir Richard Ellys.

In a note to Mr. Say's character in Mr. Duncombe's collection, an account is ſaid

to be given of the poſterity of the Protectector Cromwell in the male line.---By this account, the late Mr. Cromwell, of Kirby-ſtreet, my near relation, and a moſt benevolent, humble, honeſt man, is made to be the ſon of his father's firſt couſin *; and this account is in other reſpects imperfect.

The Protector had ſeveral daughters, and the poſterity of theſe come not within my ability to trace; but of his deſcendants in the male line, down to the preſent time, I ſhall give an exact and circumſtantial account in this letter.

Cromwell was ſo great in his courage, in his parts, in his hypocriſy, in his politics, and in his fortune, and theſe conjoined produced effects in his own days ſo aſtoniſhing, and even down to our time ſo intereſting, that the public curioſity is naturally excited to trace the fate of his family from his time to our own. He ſuc-

* This note is omitted in the preſent edition.

ceeded

ceeded in giving a mortal wound to monarchical tyranny; it was wounded, but it did not expire; it languiſhed indeed, yet ſtill it lived through the two ſucceeding reigns; 'till at length, exhauſted by the waſting wound of the republican hero, it finally gave up its horrid ghoſt, with the abdication of James.

This, and no more, was the merit of Cromwell. Nothing could be more remote from national freedom, than the politics and government of the uſurper, unleſs it were the principles and manners of the times; theſe were too warlike, too vindictive, and too illiberal, to receive a conſtitutional eſtabliſhment of public liberty. Cromwell conquered tyranny, but he did not eſtabliſh freedom.

Mr. Say's character of Mrs. Bendyſh is perfectly juſt; in my opinion, it is well drawn, and exhibits a ſtriking likeneſs. Mr. Say, with whom I was perfectly well acquainted, was a moſt ingenious, modeſt, worthy man. He ſought his happineſs, and he found it, in domeſtic peace and con-

templative retirement. His wife was one of the beſt of women. He married her out of the family of Mr. Carter, a wealthy merchant of Yarmouth, to whom Mrs. Say was nearly related *. This Mr. Carter married the daughter of general Ireton, and the ſiſter of Mrs. Bendyſh; ſo that Mr. Say, being thus connected with the family, had every poſſible advantage for an accurate examination of Mrs. Bendyſh's character. This ſon-in-law of Ireton died at a very advanced age, about the year 1723. I well remember his perſon, but his wife died long before my time. There was no iſſue from this marriage. When I was a boy, they uſed to ſhew a large chamber in the houſe of Mr. Carter, (which had alſo been the houſe of his father) in which, as the tradition went, the infamous murder of Charles the firſt on the ſcaffold was finally determined. A meeting of the principal officers of the army was held in this chamber. They choſe to be above ſtairs for the privacy of their conference. They ſtrictly

* She died in 1744-5, within a year after her huſband.

com-

commanded that no perſon ſhould come near the room, except a man appointed by themſelves to attend. Their dinner, which was ordered at four, was put off from time to time, 'till paſt eleven at night. They then came down, took a very ſhort repaſt, and immediately all of them ſet off poſt, many for London, and ſome for the quarters of the army. This ſtory, Sir, I give you, from the very doubtful authority of tradition, for it has no better foundation.

I was young, not more than ſixteen, when Mrs. Bendyſh died, in 1727, or 1728; yet ſhe came ſo often to my father's houſe, that I remember her perſon, her dreſs, her manner, and her converſation, (which were all ſtrikingly peculiar,) with great preciſion; and I have heard much more of her than I have ſeen. She certainly was both without and within, in her perſon and in her ſpirit, exactly like her grandfather the Protector. Her features, the turn of her face, and the expreſſion of her countenance, all agreed very exactly to the excellent pictures which I have often ſeen

of

of the Protector, in the Cromwell family; and whoever looks on the print, prefixed to the octavo life of Cromwell, ſaid to be publiſhed by the late biſhop Gibſon, about the year 1725, which exactly agrees with theſe pictures, will have a clear idea of Mrs. Bendyſh's perſon, if their imaginations can add a female dreſs, a few years in age, and a very little ſoftening of the features. I refer to that print, becauſe the fine engraving of Cromwell in the Houbraken collection bears very little reſemblance to the pictures in the Cromwell family, and no reſemblance at all to Mrs. Bendyſh.

Mrs. B. had as much of Cromwell's courage as a female conſtitution could receive; which was often expreſſed with more ardour, than the rules of female decorum could excuſe. That enthuſiaſm, in which Cromwell was generally but an actor, in her was ſincere and original. She had not merely the courage to face danger, but ſhe had alſo that perfect undiſturbed poſſeſſion of her faculties, which left her free

free to contrive the beſt means to repel or to avoid it.

Mrs. Bendyſh lived through what the diſſenters but too juſtly called "the trou-"bleſome times," by which they meant the times when the penal laws againſt conventicles were ſtrained to their utmoſt rigour. The preaching of this ſect was then held in the cloſeſt concealment, while the preachers went in momentary danger of being dragged out by ſpies and informers to heavy fines and ſevere impriſonments.---- With theſe ſpies and informers ſhe maintained a perpetual war. This kind of buſtle was in all reſpects in the true taſte of her ſpirit. I have heard many ſtories of her dealings with theſe ungracious people. Sometimes ſhe circumvented and outwitted them, and ſometimes ſhe bullied them; and the event generally was, that ſhe got the poor parſon out of their clutches.

Upon theſe occaſions, and upon all others when they could expreſs their attachment to her, Mrs. B. was ſure of the common peo-

ple.

ple. She was, as ſhe deſerved to be, very dear to them. When ſhe had money, ſhe gave it freely to ſuch as wanted, and when ſhe had none, which was pretty often the caſe, they were ſure of receiving civility and commiſeration. She was not barely charitable, ſhe practiſed an exalted humanity. If, in the meaneſt ſick room, ſhe found the ſufferer inſufficiently or improperly attended, ſhe turned attendant herſelf; and would ſit hours in the pooreſt chamber to adminiſter relief, or conſolation, to the afflicted. In this noble employment ſhe paſſed much of her time.

As Mrs. Bendyſh was thus beloved by the poor, to whom ſhe was beneficent, ſhe was reſpected by the richer ſort, of all parties, to whom, when ſhe kept clear of her enthuſiaſtic freaks, ſhe was highly entertaining. She had ſtrong and maſculine ſenſe, a free and ſpirited elocution, much knowledge of the world, great dignity in her manner, and a moſt engaging addreſs. The place of her reſidence was called the "Salt-pans," while the ſalt-works were carried

carried on there, but the proper name is "South-town," (i. e.) South of Yarmouth. In this place, which is quite open to the high road, I have very often ſeen her, in the morning, ſtumping about, with an old ſtraw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without ſtays, and, when it was cold, an old blanket about her ſhoulders, and a ſtaff in her hand: in a word, exactly accoutred to mount the ſtage as a witch in Macbeth; yet if, at ſuch a time, ſhe was accoſted by any perſon of rank or breeding, that dignity of her manner, and politeneſs of her ſtyle, which nothing could efface, would inſtantly break through the veil of debaſement, which concealed her native grandeur, and a ſtranger to her cuſtoms might become aſtoniſhed to find himſelf addreſſed by a princeſs, while he was looking on a mumper.

Mrs. B. reſembled the Protector in nothing more than in that reſtleſs, unabated activity of ſpirit, which, by the coincidence of a thouſand favourable circumſtances, conducted *him* to the ſummit of

power and of fame, and entangled *her*, generally unfavoured by ſucceſs, in a thouſand embarraſſments and diſgraces. Yet ſhe never fainted, or was wearied;

" One proſpect loſt, another ſtill ſhe gain'd,"

and the enthuſiaſm of her faith kept pace with, or, to ſpeak more truly, far out-ran the activity of her mind.

Perhaps warm enthuſiaſm of all kinds, and in all tempers, by attaching the attention ſolely to the attainment and fruition of its object, either totally overlooks or lightly eſtimates every objection, however invincible, and every obſtacle, however inſurmountable, which may ariſe in the neceſſary path of its progreſs. Thus it was with her, and the habit of her mind, and her temper, concurred to render her inflexibly obſtinate, and incurably deaf, to every ſuggeſtion of reaſon in oppoſition to her reſolves.

Mrs.

Mrs. B. had, however, one conſtant, never-failing reſource againſt the vexation of diſappointments. For as ſhe determined, at all events, to "ſerve the LORD "with gladneſs," her way was to rejoice at every thing as it arrived. If ſhe ſucceeded, ſhe was thankful for that; and if ſhe ſuffered adverſity, which was generally her lot, ſhe was vaſtly more thankful for that; and ſhe ſo managed, that her ſpiritual joy always increaſed with her outward ſufferings. Happy delirium of pious enthuſiaſm!

Mrs. B's religion was in the higheſt ſtrain of Calviniſtic enthuſiaſm, and Dr. Owen, in his writings, was her ſpiritual guide. She no more doubted the validity of her election to the kingdom of heaven, than 'Squire Wilkes doubts the validity of his for the county of Middleſex. But Mrs. B's enthuſiaſm never carried her to greater lengths of extravagance than in the juſtifications of her grandfather, of whoſe memory ſhe was paſſionately fond. It, however, unfortunately happened, that her

fancy led her to defend him exactly in that part of his character, in which he was leaſt defenſible. She valued him, no doubt, very highly as a general and a politician; but ſhe had got it firmly fixed in her head, that this kind of fame was vain and worthleſs, when compared with the gracious glory of Oliver's ſaintſhip.

"A choſen veſſel" he was, "a regene-"rated child of God,"---"divinely inſpi-"red," and much more jargon of this ſort ſhe was perpetually attempting to tranſlate from her own imagination into her auditors. Now it could not but happen, that for five hundred who might be prevailed with to receive Oliver as a great general, not five could be found who would admit him as a great ſaint, and this conſtant kicking againſt Oliver's ſaintſhip wrought the good lady ſore travail. On ſuch occaſions her friends gave way to her whims, or laughed them off; but when her faith in Oliver was gravely conteſted by ſtrangers, great and fearful was her wrath.

Mrs.

Mrs. B. gravely inſiſted, in a converſation with her friends, that Oliver was one day ſeeking the LORD with ſuch ardour of devotion, and ſtriving for a gracious anſwer with ſuch vehemence of ſpirit, that the tears were forced from him in ſuch abundance as to run under the cloſet-door into the next room. This, to be ſure, was ſniveling to ſome purpoſe. A gentleman, to whom this information was particularly addreſſed, obſerved in reply, "That it was "difficult to ſay preciſely, what abundant "fountains of tears might fill up and run "over the LORD's choſen veſſels; yet he "could not help ſuſpecting that the flood "under the cloſet-door, occaſioned by the "Protector's ſtruggles, was derived from "ſome other ſource beſides his eyes." This ſhe bore pretty well.

But it happened in a ſtage-coach, where ſhe was not known, Mrs. B. fell into a vehement diſpute in behalf of the Protector. The opponent, a gentleman, was as hot and as violent as the lady. And if toward the end of the ſtage their anger

rather

rather ſubſided, it was not for want of wrath, or of words, to keep it up, but for want of breath to give it utterance. After they went out of the coach, and had taken ſome refreſhment, the old lady very calmly and reſpectfully deſired to ſpeak apart with the gentleman, who had been her opponent in the diſpute. When ſhe had him alone, ſhe told him, with great compoſure, "he "had, in the groſſeſt manner, belied and "abuſed the moſt pious man that ever "lived; that Cromwell's blood, which flow-"ed in her veins, would not allow her to "paſs over the indignities caſt on his me-"mory, in her preſence; that ſhe could "not handle a ſword, but ſhe could fire a "piſtol as well as he; and that ſhe de-"manded immediate ſatisfaction to the in-"jured honour of her family." The gentleman was exceedingly amazed at the oddneſs of this addreſs, but as he happened to carry about him good ſenſe enough to teach him how to act on the ſpot, he immediately told her, "there were many great "qualities in Oliver which he honoured as "much as ſhe could-----that if he had

"known

" known or ſuſpected her relation to him, " he would not have ſaid a word on the " ſubject to give her offence, and that he " ſincerely aſked her pardon." This ſubmiſſion completely ſatisfied her, and they finiſhed their journey with much pleaſure and good humour; but St. Oliver was not again brought on the tapis------The truth of this ſtory I never heard queſtioned *.

As the whole of Mrs. B's perſonal oeconomy was not of the common form, her hours of viſiting went generally out of the common ſeaſon. She would very frequently come to viſit at my father's at nine or ten at night, and ſometimes later, if the doors were not ſhut up. On ſuch viſits ſhe generally ſtayed 'till about one in the morning. Such late viſits, in thoſe ſober times, were conſidered by her friends as highly inconvenient, yet nobody complained of them to her. The reſpect ſhe univerſally commanded gave her a licence in this and

* It is related, with ſome little variation, p. xiv.

many

many other irregularities. She would, on her viſits, drink wine in great plenty, and the wine uſed to put her tongue into very briſk motion; but, I do not remember, ſhe ever was diſgracefully expoſed by it.

There was an old mare, which had been the faithful companion of Mrs. B's adventures and miſadventures, during many years. The old mare, and her manœuvres, were as well known at Yarmouth as the old lady. On this mare ſhe generally was mounted; but towards the end of her life, the mare was prevailed with to draw a chaiſe, in which Mrs. B. often ſeated herſelf.

Mrs. B. never would ſuffer a ſervant to attend her in theſe night viſits: "GOD," ſhe ſaid, "was her guard, and ſhe would "have no other." Her dreſs, on theſe viſits, though it was in a taſte of her own, was always grave and handſome. At about one in the morning, for ſhe hardly ever finiſhed her round of viſits ſooner, ſhe uſed to put herſelf on the top of the mare,

or into the chaiſe, and ſet off on her return. When the mare began to move, Mrs. B. began to ſing a pſalm, or one of Watts's hymns, in a very loud, but not a very harmonious, key. This I have often heard. And thus the two old ſouls, the mare and her miſtreſs, one gently trotting, and the other loudly ſinging, jogged on the length of a ſhort mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home.

I do not know there was any other iſſue from the marriage of general Ireton with Cromwell's daughter, but Mrs. Bendyſh and Mrs. Carter. On the death of Ireton *, the worſt, perhaps, but certainly not the weakeſt man of the party, his widow married general Fleetwood. There certainly was iſſue from this marriage, but I am not able to trace it. Fleetwood, I think, was ſeated at Armingland-hall, in the county of Norfolk; which large, old manſion-houſe, with a good eſtate in Norfolk and Suffolk,

* He died at the ſiege of Limerick (being then lord-deputy of Ireland) in 1651.

if I miſtake not, are now, or lately were, poſſeſſed by the name and deſcendants of Fleetwood.

Bridget Ireton, of whom ſo much has been ſaid, married Thomas Bendyſh, eſq; of South-town, in the county of Suffolk. The children from this marriage, beſides ſuch as died young, were, 1ſt, Bridget Bendyſh, who lived in the family-houſe at South-town, and died there, unmarried, ſeveral years after her mother.

2d. Thomas Bendyſh, eſq; of Colkirk, in the county of Norfolk, married ---------- and had iſſue ſurviving him, only Ireton Bendyſh, eſq. He held a place under the government, and as he was in his perſon, temper, and breeding, a very amiable young gentleman, he died greatly lamented about the year 1730. With his death, this branch of the family became extinct, as he died unmarried.

3. Henry Bendyſh, eſq; of Bedford-row, in the county of Middleſex, died about

about the year 1740. He married Martha Shute, ſiſter to John Shute Barrington, lord viſcount Barrington.

Swift, in a letter to Dr. King, archbiſhop of Dublin, in 1708, informs him, that "Mr. Shute [the noble perſon above-mentioned] "is named for ſecretary to "lord Wharton;" [lieutenant of Ireland] "he is a young man, but reckoned the "ſhrewdeſt head in England. As to his prin-"ciples, he is a truly moderate man, &c." * This fair character of a whig from Swift, is ſo extraordinary, that it ſeems as if nothing but truth could have extorted it. It is, however, very obſervable, that with no other correſpondent, the extravagance of Swift's humour, and the virulence of his prejudices, are half ſo much reſtrained, as in his letters to Dr. King. He certainly either feared or reſpected this prelate, more than any other perſon with whom he correſponded.

* Swift's works, vol. xiv, p. 50.

Mrs. Bendyſh laſt mentioned bore the ſtrongeſt reſemblance to her noble brother, lord Barrington, in her perſon, in her voice, in the grace and politeneſs of her addreſs, and in the ſtrength and extent of her underſtanding. The children of this marriage were,

1ſt. Henry Bendyſh, eſq; who, during the latter part of his life, reſided at South-town, where he died unmarried in 1753. With the death of this gentleman, the name of Bendyſh became extinct in the family, and the male line ended. The two ſiſters of Mr. Bendyſh are ſtill living. Theſe ladies are,

2. Mary Bendyſh, married to William Berners, eſq; of Wolverſton-park, in the county of Suffolk. The children of this marriage are, 1. Charles Berners, eſq; who ſometimes reſides at South-town, married to Catharine, daughter of ------ Laroche, eſq. There are children of this marriage. 2. The reverend Henry Berners, rector

rector of Hambledon, near Henley upon Thames, who is yet unmarried.

3. Elizabeth Bendyſh, married to ------- Hagar, eſq; of Wigmore-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare. There is no iſſue from this marriage.

Thus, Sir, I have attempted to ſatisfy the requeſt which was made to me, by giving as diſtinct an account, as I am able, of the dead deſcendants, and the living poſterity, of Oliver's grand-daughter, Mrs. Bridget Bendyſh. When I ſpeak of dates in this letter, I deſire it may be obſerved, that I can be conſidered only as ſpeaking from the recollection of general ideas, as I have no memorandums to aſcertain an exactneſs, unleſs in ſome inſtances. I have before ſaid, that I cannot trace the poſterity of the Protector's daughters with any preciſion. But I am able to ſay, in general, that his poſterity in the female line became nearly allied to the noble and eminent families of Rich earl of Warwick, Robarts earl of Radnor, Bellaſis viſcount Fauconberg

berg (created an earl by king William) Obrien earl of Thomond, Jones earl of Ranelagh, the Ruſſels of Cambridgeſhire, Frankland, Hartop, Polhill, Fleetwood, Gould, &c. &c.

Mary counteſs Fauconberg outlived all the Protector's other children *; ſhe was ſaid to have been a lady of a very great underſtanding †. This was the noble relation referred to in Mr. Say's character ‡, who left Mrs. B. an handſome legacy, as ſhe did alſo to all the other deſcendants of her father Oliver, to whom ſuch an aid might be uſeful. She died wealthy, and never had a child.

* She died (as has been before mentioned, p. xv) March 14, 1712, about eight months after her brother Richard.

† Burnet ſtyles her "a wiſe and worthy woman," and ſays, "ſhe was more likely to have maintained "the poſt (of Protector) than either of her bro-"thers."

‡ p. vii,

Jeremy

Jeremy White was Oliver's chaplain, and he was beſides the chief wag and joker of his ſolemn court *. As the Protector condeſcended to be very familiar with Jerry, he ſaid to him one day, "You know the "viſcount Fauconberg?"------'Perfectly 'well,' ſaid Jerry.---"I am going to marry "my daughter Mary to him. What do "you think of the match?".---'Think! 'Sir,' ſaid Jerry.---'Why, I think, he'll 'never make your highneſs a grandfather.' ---"I am ſorry for that, Jerry; but how "do you know?"---'Sir,' ſaid Jerry, 'I 'ſpeak it in confidence to your highneſs; 'there are certain defects in lord Faucon-'berg, that will always prevent his making 'you a grandfather, let him do what he 'can.' As this diſcovery was made, not to the young lady but to the old Protector, it did not at all retard the completion of the match, which Oliver found, in all out-

* An extraordinary ſtory of this Jerry White's addreſſing Oliver's youngeſt daughter, Frances, and the conſequences of it, are told by Oldmixon and others. See Biograph. Brit. vol. iii, p. 1579.

ward

ward reſpects, ſuitable and convenient; ſo he left the lord and the lady to ſettle the account of defects as they might. Not long after the marriage, Oliver, in a bantering way, told the whole ſecret with which White had entruſted him, before company, to lord F. who turned it off with a joke, as well as he could, while his heart in ſecret was waxing exceeding wrath againſt Jeremiah the prophet. Inſtigated by this wrath, lord F. ſent a meſſage next day to Jerry to deſire his company; with which invitation Jerry immediately complied, never ſuſpecting that Oliver had betrayed the ſecret. Lord F. received him in his ſtudy, the door of which he firſt locked, and then, with much anger in his countenance, and a ſtout cane in his hand, he accoſted Jerry: "You raſcal, how dare you tell ſuch miſ-"chievous lies of me as you have done to "the Protector, that I could never make "him a grandfather, &c.? I am determined "to break every bone in your ſkin. What "can you ſay for yourſelf? What excuſe "can you make?" All this while the cane kept flouriſhing over Jerry's head, who, inſtead

inſtead of a day of dainties, which he hoped to find at my lord's table, would now have been glad to ſave the drubbing on his ſhoulders by going away with an empty belly. "What can you ſay for yourſelf?" cried lord F. 'My lord,' ſaid Jerry, 'you 'are too angry with me to hope for your 'mercy, but ſurely you never can be too 'angry to forget juſtice. Only prove, by 'getting a child, that I told the Protector 'a lye, you may then inflict the puniſhment 'with juſtice, and I will bear it with pa-'tience; and if you want exerciſe for your 'cane, you may lay it over the Protector's 'ſhoulders, if you pleaſe, for betraying 'me.' My lord, who, perhaps, knew in his conſcience that Jerry had only told an unſeaſonable truth, laughed, and forgave him.

The Protector had two ſons, Richard and Henry. Richard married Dorothy, daughter of Richard Major, eſq; of Hunſly, in the county of Southampton, who brought him a conſiderable fortune. It is remarkable, that Oliver's family acquired

little or nothing of wealth from his uſurpation. Richard Cromwell, who died in 1712, had by his wife three children, 1ſt. Oliver*. 2d. Anne. 3d. Elizabeth.

1ſt. Oliver, ſon of Richard, was ſaid to have been a man of ſpirit and of ſome abilities. On the death of his mother, he ſucceeded in her right to the eſtate at Hunſly.

In the reign of king William, this Oliver found it neceſſary, on ſome account or other, to preſent a petition to parliament. He gave his petition to a friend, a member, who took it to the houſe of commons to preſent it. Juſt as this gentleman was entering the houſe, with the petition in his

* In an "account of the Cromwell family, from "before the Norman conqueſt to the preſent time," annexed by Dr. Gibbons to his "ſermon on the "death of the late William Cromwell, eſq;" this ſon is omitted, and a third daughter, Dorothy, is mentioned, ſaid to have married —— Mortimer, eſq; and to have died without iſſue in 1681, aged 21.

hand,

hand, Sir Edward Seymour, the famous old Tory member, was alſo going in. On ſight of Sir Edward ſo near him, the gentleman found his fancy briſkly ſollicited by certain ideas of fun, to make the ſurly, ſour, old Seymour carry up a petition for Oliver Cromwell. " Sir Edward," ſays he, ſtopping him on the inſtant, " will you " do me a favour? I this moment recol- " lect, that I muſt immediately attend a " trial in Weſtminſter-hall, which may de- " tain me too late to give in this petition, " as I promiſed to do, this morning; it is a " mere matter of form; will you be ſo good " as to carry it up for me?" ' Give it me,' ſaid Sir Edward. The petition went directly into his pocket, and he into the houſe. When a proper vacancy happened to produce it, Seymour put himſelf on his feet, and his ſpectacles on his noſe, and began to read, " The humble petition of " ---of---of---of, the devil!" ſaid Seymour " ---of Oliver Cromwell!" The roar of laughter in the houſe, at ſeeing him ſo fairly taken in, was too great for Sir Edward to ſtand it; ſo he flung down his petition, and

ran out directly. I give this little ſtory on common fame only.

Oliver Cromwell, the ſon of Richard, died a few years before his father; and as he died unmarried, and without iſſue, a queſtion was conteſted in Chancery, Whether the eſtate at Hunſly deſcended immediately to the ſiſters of Oliver as his coheirs, or to Richard the father for his life?

On this occaſion, Richard, then a very old man, being obliged to appear in the court of Chancery, lord chancellor Cowper treated him with the utmoſt reſpect; he ordered a chair to be brought for him, and (in regard to his age) inſiſted on his ſitting covered. He made a decree in Richard's favour, and ſpoke with much aſperity of his daughters for conteſting the old man's intereſt in the eſtate for the very ſmall remains of his life.

Pengelly, who was (long after) the very eminent lord chief baron of the exchequer,

quer, was Richard's counſel on this occaſion. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf very much in his behalf, and acquired great reputation by it. From this zeal for Richard, or from ſome other cauſe, a report was raiſed, and long credited, that Pengelly was Richard's natural ſon. I do not know there ever was any juſt foundation for ſuch an opinion. Richard, however, was ſaid to have been all his life very free with women.

2d. Anne, (as, I think, her name was) eldeſt daughter of Richard Cromwell, married Dr. Gibſon, an eminent phyſician, and uncle to Edmund Gibſon, lord biſhop of London. There was no ſurviving iſſue of this marriage, and Dr. Gibſon left the whole of his own proper fortune, after the death of his wife, to the biſhop of London, his nephew. Mrs. Gibſon outlived her huſband many years. The biſhop of London always preſerved a very reſpectful and even an intimate correſpondence with his aunt. It was, perhaps, from this circumſtance, that an opinion prevailed of the biſhop's being the author of the " Life

" of

" of Oliver Cromwell" before-mentioned. This lady died, I think, rather before the year 1730 *.

3d. Elizabeth Cromwell, youngeſt daughter of Richard, died unmarried at the age of about 73 †, I think, near or in the year 1731. By her death the line of Richard Cromwell became extinct.

I have been ſeveral times in company with theſe ladies; they were well bred, well dreſſed, ſtately women; exactly punctilious, but they ſeemed (eſpecially Mrs. Cromwell) to carry about them a conſciouſneſs of high rank, accompanied with a ſecret dread, that thoſe with whom they converſed ſhould not obſerve and acknowledge it. They had neither the great ſenſe, nor the great enthuſiaſm, of Mrs. Bendyſh; but as the daughter of Ireton had dignity

* She died, Dr. Gibbons ſays, October 7, 1727.

† Dr. Gibbons ſays, " at the uncommon age of " 81, April 8, 1731."

without

without pride; the daughters of Cromwell had pride without much dignity.

Mrs. Gibſon and Mrs. Cromwell lived together in Bedford-row. The eſtate of Hunſly, to which theſe ladies were coheireſſes, they ſold (if I remember right) to Sir William Heathcote for thirty-four or five thouſand pounds.

Henry Cromwell, the ſecond and laſt ſon of Oliver, who ſurvived him (for his firſt ſon, Oliver, died very young) married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Ruſſel, of Cambridgeſhire. This Henry was the Protector's deputy in Ireland, where his government was ſo mild and equitable, that he acquired a great degree of eſteem even from many perſons of high rank in king Charles's intereſt. The late Mr. Cromwell, of Kirby-ſtreet, told me, "he found "among the papers of Henry many letters "from perſons of the firſt diſtinction in the "king's party, warmly acknowledging both "the juſtice and favours they received from "him." This candour procured Henry friends

friends and protectors of all parties. Of the merit and true wiſdom of juſtice and moderation we ſhall preſently ſee a ſtrong example, ſuch a one as put Henry's virtue in this reſpect out of a poſſibility of being fairly diſputed.

Henry Cromwell was ſeated at Spinney-hall * in Cambridgeſhire, where he had an eſtate of above four hundred pounds a year. Here he lived, after the reſtoration, the life of a private country gentleman, very much, and very generally reſpected. [He died March 25, 1674.] Henry had daughters, but of theſe or their deſcendants I can give no account †. At his death he left but one ſon, major Richard Cromwell ‡. This gentleman was firſt brought into the army,

* Near Soham, formerly a priory of black canons.

† A full account is given of them by Dr. Gibbons. It appears that he had, in all, two daughters and five ſons, but the third ſon only left deſcendants.

‡ Dr. Gibbons gives this gentleman the chriſtian name of "Henry," and at the ſame time ſtyles him the "third" ſon, whom he had before named "Richard."

and

and his promotion conſtantly procured, as far as it went, by the intereſt of the duke of Ormond; in acknowledgment, as he always declared, of the great ſervice and benefit his family received from Henry Cromwell, while he was lieutenant of Ireland. Theſe acknowledgments, and the real advantages reſulting from them, bear the fulleſt and faireſt atteſtation to the honour of Henry's government, and to the truly noble diſpoſition of the duke of Ormond, the protector of his family.

Major Richard Cromwell died of a fever in Spain, while he was under the command of lord Galway, in queen Anne's war. The eſtate of Spinney-abbey was ſold not many years after his marriage. He married Hannah Hewling, eldeſt daughter of Benjamin Hewling, an eminent Turkey merchant of London, and Hannah Kyffin his wife.

This Hannah Hewling, (my mother's eldeſt ſiſter) is the perſon ſo often mentioned in the many particular relations which were publiſhed of the bloody, unre-

lenting proſecutions in the weſt, after the defeat of the duke of Monmouth's rebellion.

The two unfortunate brothers of this lady, Benjamin and William Hewling, were the only males of their name, and of their family, which was in the higheſt degree of eſteem and popularity among the ſtaunch whigs, and diſſenting proteſtants, at that time ſo numerous, and ſo conſiderable, in the city. Their parts were excellent, and their education had been the beſt that could be given them. Their morals were ſpotleſs; their piety exemplary. Their zeal againſt popery; the ardour of their courage in the field, and the manly meekneſs and devout reſignation of their deportment, to the laſt, under their ſufferings, concurred with their youth, (the one twenty-two, the other not quite twenty) and the uncommon beauty and gracefulneſs of their perſons, to place them the firſt in the liſt, which was at that time called the "Weſtern Martyrology" *, and rendered the ſeve-

* See p. 143—165.

rity

rity of their fate, moſt pitied, of any who fell a ſacrifice to the popiſh vengeance of James; though there were ſome other ſentences much more unjuſt.

The father of this unfortunate family was dead; the mother, from her diſtreſs, incapable of acting: ſome of the near friends of the family were themſelves too obnoxious to act, and many more too timid; and as the other ſiſters were hardly out of their childhood, it fell upon this young lady alone to conduct the whole affair, in the priſon, for their comfort, and, with the court, for their pardon.

It has been ſaid in moſt of the accounts which have been publiſhed, that lord chief juſtice Jefferies treated Hannah Hewling, according to his uſual cuſtom, with the groſſeſt brutality; but, "bad as he is, "the devil may be abuſed;" for Jefferies always treated her with the greateſt politeneſs and reſpect. This inſtance, however, does not much ſoften the horror of his general character. Jefferies had a relation,

from whoſe fortune he had formed great expectations; and as this relation was an intimate acquaintance of the Hewlings, he exerted himſelf very warmly with him in their behalf. He repeatedly proteſted to the chief juſtice, that the "continuance of "his friendſhip, together with every benefit "he might hope would reſult from it, de- "pended entirely upon his uſing every en- "deavour to ſave the Hewlings." This, Jefferies always proteſted he did; with what ſincerity, God only knows; but he always declared the king was inexorable.

When Jefferies was afterwards priſoner in the Tower, he complained to Dr. Scott, (author of the "Chriſtian Life," who viſited him under his confinement) of his hard fate: "I was hated," ſaid he, "by "the kingdom, for doing ſo much in the "weſt, and I was ill received by the king "for not having done more." He had uſed almoſt the ſame words when he was applied to for the Hewlings.

When

When Hannah Hewling preſented a petition to the king in behalf of her brothers, ſhe was introduced by lord Churchill, afterwards duke of Marlborough; while they waited in the antechamber for admittance, ſtanding near the chimney-piece, lord Churchill aſſured her of his moſt hearty wiſhes of ſucceſs to her petition; "but, "madam," ſaid he, "I dare not flatter "you with any ſuch hopes, for that marble "is as capable of feeling compaſſion, as "the king's heart *. This declaration of lord Churchill adds no ſmall degree of credibility to Jefferies's report of the king's obdurate cruelty.

William Kyffin, the father of Mrs. Hewling, was then alive. This man had been throughout his life a merchant, and was

* This exactly agrees with the opinion that muſt be formed both of James's head and heart, from his own letters, in which, numerous as they are, Sir John Dalrymple juſtly obſerves, "there is ſcarcely "one ſtroke of genius or ſenſibility to be found."

poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of what was thought then a very large fortune; yet, I think, he ſometimes gave vent to his piety by holding forth among the Baptiſts. He was, however, in much and general eſteem, his fortune and influence placing him among the foremoſt of the diſſenters in the city. I believe, he never meddled with politics himſelf; but all his connections were among the warmeſt patriots of thoſe warm times. Hayes, the banker, who married another of Kyffin's daughters, was tried for his life in 1684, for remitting money to Sir Thomas Armſtrong, an outlaw. Hayes narrowly eſcaped the halter, which the court, under Charles II, earneſtly deſired to put about his neck. The trial was curious and important, as it ſtruck at the root of mercantile liberty. A good account is given of it by Burnet *.

Kyffin was perſonally known both to Charles and James; and when the latter of theſe princes, after having arbitrarily

* See his "Hiſtory of his own times," vol. i, p. 599, and "State tryals," vol. iii, p. 983.

deprived

deprived the city of the old charter, determined to put many diſſenters into the magiſtracy, under the roſe, he ſent for Kyffin to attend him at court. When he went thither, in obedience to the king's command, he found James attended by many lords and gentlemen. The king immediately came up to him, and addreſſed him with all the little grace he was maſter of. He talked of " his favour to the diſſenters," in the court ſtyle of the ſeaſon, and concluded with telling Kyffin, " he had put " him down as an alderman in his new " charter." ' Sir,' replied Kyffin, ' I am ' a very old man : I have withdrawn my- ' ſelf from all kind of buſineſs for ſome ' years paſt, and am incapable of doing ' any ſervice in ſuch an affair to your ma- ' jeſty in the city. Beſides, Sir,'---the old man went on, fixing his eyes ſtedfaſtly upon the king, while the tears ran down his cheeks---' the death of my grandſons gave ' a wound to my heart, which is ſtill ' bleeding, and never will cloſe but in the ' grave !'

The

The king was deeply ſtruck by the manner, the freedom, and the ſpirit of this unexpected rebuke. A total ſilence enſued, while the galled conſcience of James ſeemed to ſhrink from the horrid remembrance. In a minute or two, however, he recovered himſelf enough to ſay, "Mr. "Kyffin, I ſhall find a balſam for that ſore" ---and immediately turned about to a lord in waiting.

When the French proteſtants were driven to England for refuge, this William Kyffin received into his protection a numerous French family of conſiderable rank. He fitted up and furniſhed a houſe of his own for their reception, provided them with ſervants, and entirely maintained them at his own expence, in a manner which bore ſome proportion to their rank in France; and when this family afterwards recovered ſome part of their ruined fortune, he would not diminiſh it a ſingle ſhilling, by taking any retribution for the ſervices he had done them. Such were the city patriots of thoſe times!

I give

I give theſe ſeveral accounts as I have often heard them in the family. I have no doubt of their authenticity: and I inſert them in this letter, I hope not improperly, as they relate to public characters and events.

It was not, I believe, above a year after the execution of her brothers *, that Hannah Hewling (who died in 1731) married major Richard Cromwell beforementioned. The iſſue from this marriage were,

1. Mary Cromwell, who died unmarried before the year 1730.

2. William Cromwell, who died in Kirby-ſtreet, Hatton-garden, in July 1772. In the decline of life he married [1750] the widow of [Thomas] Weſtby, eſq; who was alſo in years. This lady did not live long with Mr. Cromwell, and on her death left him a moderate fortune.

* "May 28, 1686," ſays Dr. Gibbons.

3. Richard Cromwell, of Bartlet's-buildings. He was an eminent attorney at law; and marrying the daughter of [Ebenezer] Gatton, eiq; by her he left iſſue one ſon, Robert (or, as I rather think, Robert Thornhill Cromwell, from Sir Robert Thornhill, a near relation to Mrs. Cromwell, from whom an handſome fortune devolved to her family.) This Robert Cromwell died without iſſue about the year 1762. There are now living three daughters of Richard Cromwell, Elizabeth, Anne, and Lætitia. Theſe ladies are unmarried; and are now, or lately were, of Great Ruſſel-ſtreet, Bloomſbury. *

4. Thomas Cromwell. He was a grocer on Snow-hill, and died in the year 1748. By his firſt wife he left a ſon, Henry Cromwell; whether he is alive, or dead, I am uncertain; and a daughter, married to Mr. John Field, an eminent apothecary in Newgate-ſtreet. There is a very numerous family from this marriage. By his ſecond lady,

* "They are now living at Berkhamſted in Hert-"fordſhire," ſays Dr. Gibbons.

who

who is ſtill living, Mr. Thomas Cromwell was father of Mr. Thomas Cromwell, now in the Eaſt-Indies; Mr. Oliver Cromwell, of the Million Bank; a young gentleman very much and very juſtly eſteemed by his numerous acquaintance*; a daughter, unmarried, and another who died young.

5. Henry Cromwell, 4th ſon of Richard and Hannah, had a place in the exciſe-office, London, and died unmarried in January 1769.

6. Oliver Cromwell, youngeſt ſon of Richard and Hannah, had an enſign's commiſſion in an Iriſh regiment, which he did not hold long, as the army did not ſuit him. He died in 1748, unmarried.

Henry Cromwell, the poet, ſo well known by his correſpondence with Mr.

* Theſe two young gentlemen, great grandſons of the Protector, are now his only ſurviving male deſcendants.

Pope, was not deſcended from Oliver, though undoubtedly of the ſame family. The late Mr. William Cromwell, who knew this Henry, told me they kept up the form of calling couſin, though their relation was remote. Sir Henry Cromwell, ſettled at Hinchingbrook, in the reign of Elizabeth, was the common anceſtor of both *.

Thus, Sir, I have completed, as far as I am able, the whole of your requeſt, as to the Bendyſh family; and, as far as an immediate recollection would carry me, a ſlight memoir of the male line of Cromwell, which has never yet been fully and truly given to the public. Such as it is, if it ſerves to convince you of my regard to your requeſt, and if it gives any ſatisfaction,

* This Sir Henry had ſix ſons. The eldeſt, Sir Oliver, gave a magnificent entertainment to James I in his way to London, and was made a knight of the bath at his coronation. Sir Henry's ſecond ſon, Robert, was father to the Protector.

or amuſement, to ſuch as may read it, the whole of my deſign in writing it will be accompliſhed.

I am,

Reverend Sir,

Moſt ſincerely yours,

HEWLING LUSON.

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* [In the *Horæ Lyricæ* of Dr. Watts, is a copy of verſes, dated 1699, "To Mrs. B. Bendyſh: againſt "tears." Another, dated Sept. 3, 1701, entitled "The Indian philoſopher," is addreſſed "to Mr. "Henry Bendyſh," her ſecond ſon, on his marriage, (ſee above p. xliii;) and a third, called "The life "of ſouls, dated 1704, to Dr. Thomas Gibſon," Richard Cromwell's ſon in law, mentioned p. liii.

From Oliver's four daughters it does not appear that there are any deſcendants now living, except from Bridget the eldeſt (Mrs. Bendyſh's mother) and Frances the youngeſt, who firſt married the hon. Robert Rich, grandſon to the earl of Warwick, and, ſecondly, Sir John Ruſſel, bart. of Chippenham in Cambridgeſhire, whoſe ſiſter was the wife of her brother Henry. By her firſt huſband ſhe had no children, but by her ſecond ſhe had three ſons and two daughters. The preſent Sir John Ruſſel and Sir Thomas Frankland, baronets, two of their deſcendants, are her great-grandſons. J. D.]

ADDI-

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

VOL. I, p. viii, l. 9, add—In the ſame year (1705) Mr. Hughes publiſhed (alſo without a name) "A ſerious addreſs to the commoners [free-"holders] of England, on the approaching elec-"tions of members to ſerve in parliament," in which he characteriſed, under eight denominations, thoſe candidates whom they ſhould reject.

—— p. xvi, l. 8. For "1708" read "1718."

—— p. 50. This letter ſhould be dated "Au-"guſt" 11.

—— p. 72, note †. For "vol. ii" read "vol. iii."

—— p. 90, line 23. — "when —— "whence."

—— p. 126, note †. "Will Pate, who is both a *bel eſprit*, and a woollen-draper." Swift's letter to Mr. Hunter, dated Jan. 12, 1708-9. See Hawkeſworth's 8vo edition, xii, 105.

—— 131, note *. In the 2d edition of "Anec-"dotes of painting," printed in 1765, we read, "Steele wrote a poem to him [Kneller] at Wit-"ton; Tickell, another." That, however, which is inſerted in "Steele's miſcellanies," (2d edit. p. 341,) is by Tickell. Where Steele's occurs, is not mentioned.

—— p. 290, l. 5, read "inadvertency."

—— p. 294, note *. Cibber, in his admirable "Apology for his life," after enlarging on the delight he took in gazing on lady Churchill at ſupper, when ſhe attended the princeſs Anne to Nottingham, in 1688, (as, his father being then employed

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

ployed at Chatſworth, young Colley was deſired, on that extraordinary occaſion, to aſſiſt in waiting) a delight, which ſo abſorbed his ſenſes, that he remembered no part of the converſation but the words, "Some wine and water," adds, that "few "examples can parallel the profuſion of bleſſings "which have attended ſo long a life of felicity: a "perſon ſo attractive! a huſband ſo memorably "great! an offſpring ſo beautiful! a fortune ſo "immenſe! and a title, which (when regal favour "had no higher to beſtow) ſhe only could receive "from the author of nature, a great grandmother "without grey hairs." P. 58.

Vol. II. p. 10, note ‡. The biſhops of Ireland viſit their dioceſes annually; the archbiſhops their provinces triennially.

—— p. 39. "Atterbury's character of Pope, *mens "curva in corpore curvo.*" "Theſe words, per- "haps," ſays a correſpondent, "might relate to "Pope's 'crooked' way of thinking in regard to "religion, which the biſhop would fain have ſet "right. For ſuppoſing them to intend a more "general cenſure of our poet's manners, how are "they to be reconciled with thoſe profeſſions, in "Atterbury's letters, of loving him as well as "eſteeming him, of having loved and valued him "ever ſince he knew him, &c?" In anſwer, it may be ſaid, that this interpretation might be admitted, if Atterbury, in every other reſpect, had been uniform and conſiſtent; but as we know what he profeſſed, and how he acted, in public life,

life, ſuch contradictions in his private character may alſo be expected. See the laſt paragraph of letter cxix, p. 103.

—— p. 41, note, line the laſt, for "1760" read "1761"

—— p. 72, note l. 4. For "Swift, in a letter to "Pope," read "Pope, in a letter to Swift."

—— p. 77, note. In January 1732-3, the earl of Eſſex was acted, by their majeſties command, for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, being the firſt time of her appearing on the ſtage after her misfortune. She performed the part of queen Elizabeth, but was obliged to uſe a cane. At her requeſt, Mr. Duncombe drew up an epilogue for her, from minutes of her own writing. She was highly pleaſed with it, and ſaid, "it fully expreſſed her ſentiments." However, it was not ſpoken. The manager probably did not reliſh it on a double account, 1. becauſe there was no obſcenity in it; and 2. as it frankly owned the decay of their ſtage. Mrs. P. apologiſed for her not ſpeaking it in a very genteel and grateful letter; and Mr. Southerne ſaid, "he "was ſorry, on her account, it was not ſpoken, "as, he was ſure, it would have done her credit." From a MS. "letter of Mr. Duncombe to the "rev. Mr. Bunce."

—— p. 154. l. penult. Eraſe the comma after "*primum.*"

Append. p. xxv, l. 2. Read "polyſyllables."

——— Sheet e, &c. are paged wrong.

Vol. III, p. 52, note, l. 1. For "του" read "των"

—— p. 139, note *, l. 7. — "150" — "158."